TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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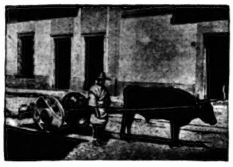
In Search of Summer---No. 4.

ORIZABA, MEXICO, Jan. 26, '91.

This is truly a search after summer. I am writing to-night in an upper room in Hotel Borda, in this quaint city, some eighty miles from Vera Cruz, with a pan of burning charcoal to take the chill from the air, and there is still chill enough left to make me pause for shivers every few minutes. We were in Mexico city a week and enjoyed it immensely, but it was cold and we came down to the hot lands to get thawed out. The thaw hasn't set in yet. The clouds hang over the mountains and our spirits as well. The natives say they never knew it to be so cold before, and I can believe them when I read in the occasional paper which we find that people are freezing to death in France. Do not imagine that we



WATER CARRIER—SAN LUIS POTOSI.

are having Canadian cold. The thermometer does not misbehave itself to any more serious extent than 52°, but that makes one very chilly where there are no stoves.

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I am almost irresistibly impelled to write about this delightful spot, about that wonderful city—Mexico—about almost anything except the last city I visited after the description of Saltillo, but I must remember that when I first saw San Luis Potosi (pronounced San Luees Po-tow-see) I was enraptured, and when I left it I shook hands with myself and said I was in luck to have lived long enough to have had so exciting and marvelous a time. Down here wonders crowd upon wondrous things so fast that impressions are almost effaced before they can be described. I thought I had been born without a bump of wonder or that it had been blunted by refusing to become excited over the things which are expected to make one exclaim, "Well, I never," but I can assure

THE COMING OF THE COMPANY.

you said bump is working overtime at present and making me glad that I'm alive.

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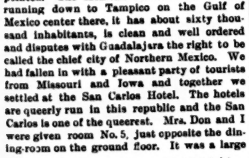
San Luis Potosi is beautiful even as a view from the Mexican National Railway, which furnishes so many magnificent sights to the tourist, that they can hardly be appreciated. The large and splendid stone station suggests a city of importance, and one is not disappointed. The Mexican Central and a road running down to Tampico on the Gulf of Mexico center there. It has about sixty thousand inhabitants, is clean and well ordered and disputes with Guadalajara the right to be called the chief city of Northern Mexico. We had fallen in with a pleasant party of tourists from Missouri and Iowa and together we settled at the San Carlos Hotel. The hotels are queerly run in this republic and the San Carlos is one of the queerest. Mrs. Don and I were given room No. 5, just opposite the dining-room on the ground floor. It was a large



THE FALL OF THE PICADOR.

apartment, with two beds in it, and when I asked the price was told, "one dollar a day if we used one bed, one dollar and a half if we slept in two." When told that one would be enough the servants immediately tore down No. 2, and lugged it off. Meals were one dollar and fifty cents a day, so that it was not expensive. The bed was clean, but great Cæsar, it was hard—nothing but padded plank and a donkey-hair pillow. A single tallow candle helped to make the gloom oppressive at night, a cream jug of water stood in an immense enamelled iron basin, and a tea cup or something sat on the floor. This, together with a wardrobe and the bed, furnished a room big enough and lofty enough for a town hall. The ceiling was composed of heavy beams painted red and blue and the carpet was a hemp fifteen-center, but two grand windows opened on the chief residence street of the city and bright sunlight streamed in during the two days we were there. The meals—I'll deal with them in a separate article—I've had much worse in Canadian taverns.

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Our first visit was to the public baths at the end of our street. They are old-fashioned, but the gardens about them are beautiful. An old lady met us at the gate and bade us enter. Orange trees in blossom and covered with fruit, roses and posies, the names of which I never knew, crowded the broad clean walks and Mrs. Don was loaded down with bouquets by the dear white-haired old woman, who invited us to try the bowling alley and ascend the tower and make ourselves at home. We have no such institution in Canada, and as there was nothing to pay the Q. C. offered the old lady some silver for her attention. She refused to accept it and made him sorry he spoke. Then I proffered her a coin with the request that she give it to the poor. Her mild old eyes brightened with pride as she gently put it away from her telling me the while to give it to the poor myself. Except the one who does you a service is a white-shirted or linen-trowsered peon, your tip is politely refused in Mexico, and I admire the spunk which prohibits this sort of begging among those who have any social standing at all. I know that it is done on a large scale by the official class, but we can pardon big beggars just as we excuse wholesale thieves.

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The National Pawn Shop is a curious place. The system was started by a rich Mexican who hoped to give loans to the poor at a reasonable rate. If the article pawned is not redeemed in a year it is exposed for sale, and if unsold in a twelvemonth the price is reduced, and again the figure is cut down if after a year it still remains on hand. The shops are large and the stock a wonderful assortment of the lares and penates of Mexican life. Bargains can be had, too, if one cares to speculate in diamonds, jewelry, shawls or such things as are not apt to be damaged by wear. Even new goods, such as are manufactured at home by artisans, are often sold at very low prices, workmen unable to sell their output having to sacrifice it at this queer institution. Heirlooms are among the chief attractions and stories of want and sorrow can be read in every show case and on every wall.

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The churches of San Luis Potosi are numerous and costly—as we say of wedding presents. Everywhere one finds worshippers on the sidewalks—for it is a saint's day, and inside the confessionals are crowded by women—rich and poor alike striving on this day to make peace with heaven. In the afternoon Mrs. Don and I dropped into the state college and were admiring the courtyard, when a polite young student invited us to enter, showed us the inner arcana of the place, pointed out the curriculum for each degree, and was as polite as none but Spaniards can be. It is a charming feature of this country that every stranger is espied immediately he or she gazes into a public place, and is invited to enter and be shown the sights. Very often your escort speaks poor English, but the chivalric bearing and the fact that he makes the greatest possible sacrifice—an attempt to talk your language—makes sight-seeing a continuous pleasure and a lesson in good manners which, unfortunately, some of us Northerners need.

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Loitering in the plaza we saw dogs decorated with tissue-paper flowers, sheep stained blue and green and yellow, birds in gally painted cages, horses decked with bright ribbons, cows and bulls with their hoofs and horns painted like a barber's sign; and on questioning a Mexican gentleman who was showing us some attention, found out that it was San Antoine's day—I'm not real sure of the saint, but it was a great day all the same. Once a year, on this special day, at the church of Guadaloupe, a mile or so from the heart of the city, it was the custom of the church to bless all the animals which were fortunate enough to get within sight or sound of the blessing. The animals were decorated in order to attract the attention of the blesser—so to speak—hence the effort after showy colors. We took the first-effort after showy colors. We took the first-class street car for Guadaloupe at once. There are second, third and freight cars immediately behind us, but as two spans of mules are hitched to our conveyance, they are soon left behind. The drivers of a San Luis Potosi street car regard speed as the one thing necessary to demonstrate the difference between a first and second-class coach. We have four mules, I remarked, on our car, and they are lashed to their greatest possible speed. The curves are sharp, but no pause is made. I nearly broke my back at the first corner and was just pulling my spine back into shape when we took the next whirl. I sprained my vertebræ in a new place and groaned aloud, but the mules kept up their pace, the driver shrieked and whistled, and we in the car played the good old-fashioned game of "crack the whip" every time we swung around a corner. Along the almuda, thousands of people were thronging towards the church leading every conceivable species of animal with flowers and streamers of every color, arranged in designs such as were calculated to attract the attention alike of heaven and earth. Booths such as we have at fair time, and others such as Canada never saw, were erected by the hundred along the line of march; everything was offered for sale by the quaintest and dirtiest people imaginable; water-carriers by the score, pulque salesmen and mescal vendors innumerable sought to prevent thirst overtaking the pilgrims, and good nature of a semi-devotional sort prevailed everywhere. The scenes about the fountains and in the little plazas can't be described, nor can pen convey an idea of the throng which surrounded the noble church where the blessing was being pronounced—the rich in carriages, the poor on donkeys or afoot, the well-to-do in gay dress and gaudy serapas, the poor in rags and dirt, their feet and legs and bosoms bare and stained, but their eyes bright and their faith perhaps in a better state of preservation than could be found on horse back or in the carriages; little boys with baby brothers on their back, little girls pulling a tired sister by the hand, old women and tottering men, flirting girls and vain young men, mixed with kicking stallions and bellowing bulls, all crowding forward to the place where an inaudible something was being said by an invisible somebody—this was the first impression. Then on looking about, you would see an old crone with a mangy cat done up in blue paper flowers, a yelping cur held high aloft by a pair of shrunken and skinny arms, a cage of white mice upheld by a pair of shrivelled hands, a rooster with his legs stained blue and his neck entwined by yellow roses, resting on a gray and uncombed head—all of these candidates for a blessing being kept in sight despite a crowd and pressure which made it almost impossible to retain one's position. Now be it known that Mexican women only fasten their clothes about their waist—above and below the garments go as they please. I wish to avoid indelicacy, but to describe the scene it must be said that the uplifting of arms and the falling away of the loose draperies revealed portions of the anatomy usually concealed, though at swell balls partial revelations of a similar sort are often made. The sources from which a generation of Mexicans—now grown middle-aged—had received nourishment, were rendered visible, toothless mouths were wide agape with excitement and prayer, roosters crowed, sheep bleated, bulls bellowed, horses whinnied, cows bawled, dogs barked, donkeys brayed, and twenty thousand people strove to mix themselves up in a general mess. Outside of the crowd, in the corner made by the church, which, together with an auxiliary building, formed a triangle, there were thousands of idlers who, despairing of a chance to be blessed, loitered among the fruit stands buying cakes, little meat tarts, nuts and oranges. Family groups gathered under the trees, and as the sun went down the fast and fashionable society of San Luis Potosi crowded the benches of the Paseo, and beauty and vice alike struggled to attract the attention of mankind, with the accent on the man. I had my camera with me and took a dozen photos of the outlying groups—some of them so funny, others so pitiful. It was a picnic for the boys and girls, who came and peeked into the business end of the machine just as I was about to catch something pretty. I had a couple of hundred kids following me about, and between dodging them and creeping up to the ones I wanted to photograph I had a time of it, Mrs. Don, the Q. C. and the balance of English speaking Potosi laughing at me and making me miserable when I should have been encouraged in my pursuit of art. I got one half-naked little boy, with his baby brother asleep on his back, in three different postures; a girl with a basket of white mice, a bull with wedding cake rosettes all over him, and an Indian with a yellow-eyed tom cat, but the light was bad and I missed the best features of the feast. The ride home along the Calzada de Guadaloupe was a picture. The curves were as sharp as before, but I had braced myself, and after listening to a magnificent band in the plaza, I slumbered on my padded plank and awoke tired out in the morning—Sunday morning it was too.

Ponciano Diaz.

* * *

Sunday is the have-fun-day of Mexico. The people do not always go to church in the morning, but they do go out and have fun of some sort in the afternoon. Sunday pleasure takes the form of a cock fight, a bull fight, a horse race or a dance—perhaps a combination of them all if the purse can stand it. The particular feature advertised for the day of which I write was a bull fight. As you know, this variety of so-called sport is popular in Spain and all those countries which have received their "civilization" from her. They are forbidden in the city and Federal district of Mexico, on account of the riots which resulted from the enraged populace tearing down the grand stand and raising Cain generally because the bulls wouldn't fight. This eccentricity is not confined to Mexico city but prevails everywhere, and all the soldiery in the district is instructed to be present when a bull fight is advertised. The government pays for the admission of the soldiers—so I was informed—but the warriors would rather stay away as occasionally they get very roughly treated. Following is my best translation of the bill announcing the fight:

BULL PLAZA OF THE PARK

EXTRAORDINARY EVENT

of the afternoon of the SUNDAY, 18TH OF JANUARY, OF 1891

At the Three and three-quarters o'clock

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE SEASON

CONDUCTED BY THE BRAVE AND SYMPATHETIC (SIMPATICO) ARTIST

EURIQUE SANTOS

5 BULLS TO BE KILLED 5 of the Hacienda Bocas

PERSONNEL OF THE QUADRILLE

Eurique Santos, Espada.
Joaquin Arias, Torero.
Jose Antolin, Sobresaliente.
Jose Jimenez, } Picadors.
Ramon Mercado, } Picadors.
Vincente Ocupesa, } Picadors.
Hermenegildo Rola, } Banderilleros.
Joaquin Rosa Salva, } Banderilleros.
Jose Antolin, } Banderilleros.
Francisco Presciado, } Banderilleros.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

On the shady side of the plaza	$1.25
Seats in the sun	.75
Chairs on front row (extra)	.25
Children, half price.	

The *Plaza de Toros* is near the railway station, and after paying our bill we wandered down, ready to start for the city of Mexico, after the entertainment was over. The Q. C. is not a bloodthirsty man, and was almost persuaded to join the party which refused to see the show. Finally he went into the box, paid the fee and mildly suggested, as we were early, that an inspection of the bulls would enable us to judge of their merits and interest us as to their staying qualities. The ring-master consented, and we climbed up a ladder and looked down through holes into the pen beneath. Fierce, well-muscled bulls were pawing the earth, and as the poles rolled a little, the Q. C. came near dropping down for a personal interview with the black and sharp-horned gentlemen from "the farm of Bocas." They were all either black or black and white, and the showman told us that those which were fiercest in the pen were often mildest in the ring, but in the case in point it was not so.

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The Mexican gentleman who was the friend explanatory, told us that the method of raising bulls for the arena was simple. The calf was not separated from the cow, but permitted to run with her in the wood, unbranded and separated from mankind. After he grew in strength and ferocity to a mature age, he was put into the ring, so, after all, he had more of the pleasures of life than an ordinary bull, even if for a few minutes he was irritated by the *banderilleros*, the *Picadors*, and the *Toreros*. Near the bull pens, half a score of poor old horses stood blinking in the sun, innocent of the misery before them, and small boys hung around for all the world like the half hour before a game of baseball. Indeed the bull fight is the ball game of Mexico, and combines the quickness of eye, the steadiness of hand, and the courage of both baseball and lacrosse, while I doubt if more human suffering is inflicted in it than in the Yankee and Canadian national games. As to brute suffering, that is a different thing.

* * *

We took our seats on the shady side and watched the people come in. At first the

BANDERILLERO CALLING THE BULL.

lower and middle classes came and found seats in the sun, or such portions of the shade as were open for a small sum. Then came three hundred soldiers in coats and white trowsers, and took their seats on the upper range. The seats are in a circle and can accommodate four or five thousand, but not more than half of them are filled. The arena is bounded by an adobe wall, and half-a-dozen little guards are built near the wall, behind which the bull fighters can slip when close pressed by the bull. Right opposite us, a pair of double gates open into the bull pens, just above us is the seat of the president, whose signal opens and closes the combats. He is usually a person of some political distinction—in this instance he is a man resembling Uncle Joe Duggan of the Woodbine, and comes late. The band plays and the crowd cheers as he takes his seat, and a bugle announces the opening of the performance. A pair of gates near those of the bull pen open and the company marches in; the two leading bull fighters dressed in gorgeous tints, their hats looking like Scotch caps with wide wings to them,

INCITING THE BULL WITH THE MULETA.

black rosettes hanging like a queue on the nape of the neck, and a brilliant silk cloak hanging over their arms, lead the procession; the *picadors* are on horse-back, the *banderilleros* on foot, but all clad in the gayest colors, and prancing along with a great flourish of trumpets. This quadrille advances to the president's box, and permission is given to begin the performance. Every eye is turned to the gates of the bull pen, they swing open amidst the wildest cheers of the audience, a moment's pause, then a bull rushes in, receiving as he passes beneath the arch of the gateway a barbed dart between the shoulders, attached to which are the colors of the man who bred him. He runs across the arena, making a rush at each man who happens to be near, and receiving from the *banderilleros* more irritating wounds and torturing ornaments. I admit that I grew wildly excited as the combat became sharper, and was disgusted with myself for taking so much interest in such brutal sport. From this

THE THRUSTING OF BANDERILLAS.

point I can not do better than quote the description of a fight written by my friend, Reau Campbell, who has so kindly loaned me the excellent engravings which illustrate this narrative:

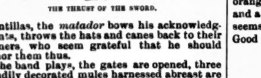
The bull gallops to the middle of the ring, stops and looks about with fear and astonishment. He is a grand looking beast. Surprise and fear give way to rage, he paws the earth and snorts in his frenzy, and discovering the red cloak of the *espada* starts towards him on the run. The man goes over the fence, but not too quickly, for he has hardly disappeared before the bull's horns are thrust through the boards. The animal turns and spies a horse, and woe be unto the horse, his day has come; the *picador* with his lance is totally unable to keep the bull from goring the horse, and it is killed on the spot. The horses are not valuable ones, being veterans retired from service, feasted and fattened to friskiness for this occasion, are blindfolded and ridden in to certain death. Another man is chased out of the ring and another horse severely wounded; a signal from the president and a bugle call directs the horses to be removed.

Now comes the really interesting feature of the performance, the thrusting of the *banderillas*. The bull is alone with his tormentors, it is a contest between skill and brute strength. A *banderilla* is a wire or stick about two feet and a half long, on the end is a very sharp barbed point, the wire is covered its entire length with colored paper ribbons. The *ban*

derillero is the man who places them in the bull's shoulders. He must stand in front of the animal, without flag or cloak; must stand still and wait the attack. The bull, maddened at his audacity, starts at him at full speed; the man steps out of his way gracefully, and skilfully thrusts the *banderillas* in the bull's shoulders as he passes by (they never speak as they pass by). As soon as the animal can check his headlong speed he turns, now furious with rage, he turns, only to find another *banderillero* with two more *banderillas*. These two more are thrust into his shoulders, all hanging there. Bellowing now, he is wild.

Another signal from the president instructs that the bull has had enough and must be killed—this is where the *matador*, the *primer espada*, distinguishes himself. His skilful killing of the bull by a single thrust of the sword is what determines the brilliancy of the star. The *matador* must face the bull, sword in hand, and await the attack. It is assassination to strike while he is at rest, and calls for hisses and missiles from the audience. The blood-red cloth or *muleta* is flaunted in front of the bull. The maddened animal closes his eyes and makes one more dash for life, and falls in death; the sword of the *matador* has thrust between the shoulders to the hilt, and has pierced the animal's heart.

Wild bursts of applause fill the air, hats, canes, fans by the hundred are thrown into the ring by the delighted spectators; men shout and sing, ladies wave their handkerchiefs and



THE THRUST OF THE SWORD.

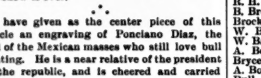
mantillas, the *matador* bows his acknowledgments, throws the hats and canes back to their owners, who seem grateful that he should honor them thus.

The band plays, the gates are opened, three gaudily decorated mules harnessed abreast are driven in, a rope is thrown over the dead bull's horns, and he is dragged out.

The wait between the acts is not more than a minute, the bugle calls, the low doors open and another bull gallops in, and thus till six are killed at each performance. The skill and agility of the performers is something wonderful, and consists in holding the red cloak in such a way that the bull rushes for the cloth instead of him who holds it. The bull shuts his eyes and does not see the man as he quickly steps to one side and escapes, but often he must save his life by flight and a leap over the barrier around the ring.

The *Plaza de Toros* is the bull ring; the *function* is the performance; the best seats are on the shady side, those in the sun being sold at cheap prices. Seats in the shade $2 to $3; boxes from $12 to $30, according to the company playing.

The star fighter is a *matador* or *espada*—he it is who finally kills the bull with his sword. The *banderillero* is the man who thrusts the *banderillas* into the animal's shoulders, and the *banderilla* is a dart with a barbed point ornamented with colored ribbons. The little plait of hair or queue worn on the back of the head by a bull fighter indicates that he has passed the degree of *banderillero*. If he commits any offence against the code of ethics or repeatedly fails in the act of placing the *banderillas*, his queue is cut off in public and he is forever disgraced. The *picador* is the man on



THE CARRYING AWAY OF THE BULL.

horseback, but he doesn't stay there long after the entrance of the bull; yet while he does he goads with a pike or goad with a steel point. The *capeadores* are the men who handle the capes or cloaks which are flaunted in the bull's face to worry. The *muleta* is the red cloth used by the *espada* at the killing, and the *cachetero* is he who puts the finishing dagger stroke between the horns; and when he has killed six times (there were only five bulls) the show is over.

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I have given as the center piece of this article an engraving of Ponciano Diaz, the idol of the Mexican masses who still love bull fighting. He is a near relative of the president of the republic, and is cheered and hurrahed about in this country as Patti or Nilsson sometimes is, or was, in Canada. He is the idol of the people, and moreover, a gentleman in his conduct. People willingly pay $5 to see him kill a bull and it is said of him "He is so graceful and treats the bull as if he were a perfect gentleman." In dress and features Enrique Santos resembles him very much—in fact all bull fighters, like prize fighters, seem to resemble each other.

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I do not love the sport nor do I care to describe it. If I live to be a hundred years old I shall never again willingly witness so brutal a performance. Nor shall I forget, no matter how old or cynical I may become, two of the horses which were gored by the bulls. The first one was a dark iron-gray with that peculiar shuffling gait so loved by the Mexicans, it is so easy on both horse and rider. After he was gored, the big ruffian called a *picador* rode him around the ring, the blood flowing in a stream from a gaping wound in his chest. Even after the next bull was brought in, this faithful pony was ridden up against his cruel horns and thrown and gored again. My face is usually a stranger to blushes, but I reddened to think that I didn't get down into the ring and thump the brute who rode the staggering pony around the ring. It is a penitentiary offence to interrupt a bull fight or I believe, lame as I was, I should have tried it. Next worst was the fate of a cream-colored plug! Its awful fear of the bull, its weakness, the long torment of being ridden against three before it met its fate, was terrible. At last the fiercest bull of all, after coaxing and pawing about the ring, rushed at the poor little yellow pony, threw it and its brutal rider high in the air and then gored the horse, tossing it about like a cat would a mouse. The men with the bright cloths attracted its attention, and it left its victims or both man and horse would have been killed. When the poor pony staggered to its feet and was led away from the ring, its bowels were hanging in festoons nearly to its feet. I need say no more.

The horrors of bull fighting must have impressed themselves upon you. The ladies of the better classes now refuse to patronize the bull ring, and this, together with the fact that they have been prohibited in many of the Mexican States, show how great has been the recent advance in public opinion. I can not describe Mexico without including the bull fight, but do not imagine it to be typical either of the people or of the taste of the writer. If you forgive me for seeing so degrading a performance, I shall next week write of the Valley of Dos Rios and the City of Mexico, than which nothing loveller or more interesting can be found in the world.

* * *

It has just struck three o'clock. The suffocating charcoal fire has been removed, and I finish my letter to you from Berber, which is a sweet lullaby as it rushes between the old Spanish mill and the hostelry in which I rest, down through a valley where its banks are overhung with sugar cane and coffee, with orange and banana trees, by the huts of Indians and a great factory, the tall chimney of which seems so out of place amongst these mountains. Good night. DON.

Social and Personal.

THE Pavilion was gay on Wednesday evening with the most effective decoration. The colors of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, the well-known names of their fleet, and even the sails, with cannon, and other handsome moveable appointments in brass added to the original scheme of embellishment. The splendidly furnished stage was reserved for the vice-regal party, but so perfectly had the committee attended to details that there was no lack of sitting out places. The galleries were utilized as retreats, and flights of stairs built from each side of the dais, rendered them easy of access. Once there the luxury of the drawing-room, the coziness of the library, and the dimness of the proverbial conservatory made the resting places ideal ones. Looking down the eye was intoxicated with color, light, shadow, airy grace, and stately splendor, for the fairest, the proudest, the handsomest, and the bravest danced together at the Yacht Club ball.

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The following gentlemen were on the committee for arrangements: Mr. A. R. Boswell, commodore; Mr. Thomas McGaw, vice-commodore; Mr. S. Bruce Harman, honorary secretary; Mr. C. A. B. Brown, captain, and Messrs. A. E. Gooderham, A. B. Lee, J. Mitchison, Hugh Hamilton, A. Piddington, C. Cockburn, G. D. Boulton, H. Brock, S. G. Bull, T. R. Hees, G. E. Evans, L. V. Percival, N. B. Dick, J. M. Jones, J. H. Seaver, Lucius Blake, F. M. Gray, A. R. Capreol, H. C. Schofield, S. Baldwin, L. McMurray, F. Arnoldi, B. F. Jones, G. E. Hodgins, Col. Dawson, D. J. MacMurchy, W. H. Brouse, Allan McNab, F. Sparling, F. J. Campbell and A. Hector.

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The yachtsmen present were: Messrs. R. Aikenhead, H. D. F. Armstrong, Frank Arnoldi, A. C. Anderson, H. D. P. Armstrong, S. H. Allen, G. D. Boulton, H. G. Brougham, H. H. Bethune, W. H. Blake, Lucius O. C. Blake, A. B. Brown, S. Y. Baldwin, E. A. Bidenach, H. Brock, A. C. F. Boulton, G. H. C. Burke, C. Bethune, W. J. Baines, A. B. Bassett, W. Barwick, G. A. Baker, A. F. Burritt, W. A. Bog, W. B. Brummell, John Bain, J. F. Bryce, E. W. Baker, A. W. Beatty, H. Baines, A. Bolte, F. Beardmore, G. H. Burnham, A. Bull, A. J. Boyd, Hume Blake, G. W. Bell, Dr. F. W. Caul, H. L. Clarke, A. M. Cosby, Henry Cawthra, A. W. Croll, G. C. Crean, William Creelman, L. J. Cosgrave, C. Cockburn, F. J. Campbell, J. Crean, W. G. Cassels, Dr. Covernton, C. Denny, Col. and Dr. Dallas, James Dean, E. H. Duggan, R. C. Donald, J. E. Ellis, W. G. Eakins, G. E. Evans, J. F. Edgar, Thomas Flynn, B. Forsythe, Dr. J. Ferguson, A. Foy, John Foy, E. Blake Fitzgerald, J. E. Elliott, F. M. Gray, R. M. Gooch, A. Gooderham, H. Green, A. Gibson, G. H. Gooderham, H. Hartshorne, J. B. Hall, Arthur Hoskin, T. B. Harman, A. McL. Howard, W. F. A. Hilton, T. W. Horn, F. V. Hawke, A. Hector, F. W. Horne, W. R. Hees, W. D. Hart, G. M. Higginbottom, J. W. Hendrie, Capt. J. E. Hughes, H. S. Hunter, A. Jarvis, W. Jennings, G. E. Johnson, R. Jennings, J. S. King, M. R. Kirkland, J. K. Kerr, C. S. Kingsmill, C. C. Kemp, N. Kingsmill, George Kappele, W. A. Lee, A. B. Lee, H. D. Lessile, J. Lessile, W. C. Lee, J. W. Lonsdale, L. C. Ventum, J. A. McPherson, James P. Murray, F. McLean, G. P. McGann, J. G. Macdonald, A. McKenzie, J. F. Macoe, F. M. Morson, B. Northcote, H. Nunn, H. W. Norton, A. Nairn, C. O'Reilly, A. Piddington, A. P. Polson, F. B. Polson, R. A. Pyne, D. A. Pender, C. Reid, G. P. Reid, G. M. Rose, W. M. Rose, Hugh Ryan, G. B. Shaw, J. R. Seaver, G. F. Shepley, H. C. Schofield, George Schofield, G. B. Smith, R. R. Sproule, F. Spalding, H. J. Scott, J. C. Smith, John T. Small, W. A. Smith, H. D. Simmons, George Shaw, C. J. Stovel, James Scott, J. H. Thompson, H. H. Townend, R. H. Temple, W. H. Turner, H. P. Torrance, H. Thorne, W. D. Thompson, C. J. Townsend, M. Taylor, John Taylor, Henry Wade, H. S. Wild, W. R. Wadsworth, David Walker, L. F. Warren, W. A. and Wilkie, H. D. Warner, John Wright, Harton Walker.

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The club's guests were: His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Stanley of Preston, Miss Stanley, Dr. Dawson, Colonel and Mrs. Kaulbach, A.D.C., Major and Mrs. Colville, Major-General and Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Captain Streatfeild, A.D.C., his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Commander Law, R.N., and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, the Commandant and Officers of C. School of Infantry, Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mrs. Macdougall, Colonel and Mrs R. B. Hamilton, Colonel and Mrs. Dawson, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Lieut. Colonel Gunn, Lieut. Colonel Montizambert and Officers of B Battery, Lieut.-Colonel Cotton and Officers of A Battery, the Commandant and Officers of D School of Infantry, the Commandant and Officers of Royal School of Cavalry, the Commandant and Officers of Royal Military College, Kingston; Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. and Lady Macdonald, Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron, Miss Caron, Hon. Attorney-General of Ontario and Mrs. Mowat, the Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, the Chief Justice of Ontario, the Chancellor of Ontario and Mrs. Boyd, Chief Justice Ramsay, Chief Justice Sir Thomas and Lady Galt, the Chancellor of Trinity College and Mrs. Allen, Sir Daniel Wilson, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, the Provost of Trinity College and Mrs. Body, the President of the Toronto Club and Mrs. Todd, the United States Consul, Mrs. and the Misses Pope, Captain and Mrs. Mingaud, Mr. and Mrs. William Armstrong, Mr. Hugh Wilson, Mr. H. Parlaat, the Commodore and Officers of the Owego, Kingston, Chicago, Rochester, Hamilton, Queen City, and Bay of Quinte Yacht Clubs.

* * *

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Armstrong, Miss A. Armstrong, Mrs. F. Arnoldi, Miss Atkins, Mr. B. Allen, Mr. D. W. Alexander, Mr. W. Amory, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Armstrong, Mrs. George Arthurs, the Misses Arthurs, Miss May Allen, Mr. and Mrs. James Alexander, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Miss Archbold, Mr. Henry Aylmer, Mr. A. P. Archbold, Mr. George Armour, Mr. D. Armour, Miss J. Armstrong, Mr. W. J. Arnott, Miss G. Armstrong, Mrs. Y. Allston, Miss Bernard, Mr. J. Bostwick, Mr. J. Boyd, Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Bosworth, Miss Barr, Mr. J. A. Barron, M. P. of Lindsay, Miss H. Beasley, Miss M. Buck, Mrs. A. B. and Miss Bowell, Mr. F. Bachus, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bennett, Mr. A. D. Brown, Mrs. Banks, Mr. Harry Baines, Mr. A. G. Brown, Miss Mabel Bell, Mr. J. H. Brown, Mr. James W. Bain, Mrs. J. F. Bryce, Mr. J. S. Burnham, Miss Buck, Mr. G. H. Baird, Miss Baird, Mr. C. H. Baird, Miss J. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. J. W. Beatty, Mr. G. H. Barnard, Mrs. W. J. Baines, Miss Bailey, Mrs. S. W. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bond, Miss S. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Boswell, Arnold Barrett, Miss Baldwin, Mrs. W. Barwick, Miss C. Brough, Mrs. D. O. Brooke, Mrs. J. I. Bertram, Mrs. W. H. Brouse, Mr. J. O. Bradmore, Miss Burnham, Miss Bugg, Mrs. H. Blake, Mr. J. S. Boyd, Mr. R. B. Beaumont, Mr. A. McL. Ballard, Mr. H. B. Benson, Mrs. Berley, Mr. S. Brown, Mr. W. H. Banks, Mr. Fred Broughall, the Misses Bethune, Mr. C. C. Baines, Mr. George Biggar, Miss Brown, Mr. F. W. Boyd, Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Mr. G. H. Brown, Mr. E. Bristol, Mr. P. L. Bugsley, Mrs. A. L. Clarke, Dr. C. H. Cameron, the Misses Cooke, Miss Cameron, Mrs. Cosby, Mr. D. W. Cameron, Mrs. J. H. Cameron, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, the Misses Cawthra, Miss Clarke, Mrs. Croll, Mr. A. John Carrick, Mr. T. Coleman, Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Clatworthy, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Clarke, Mr. H. H. Champ, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Cox, Miss Cox, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Clougher, Mr. C. N. Candee, Miss R. Campbell, Mrs. P. G. Closse, the Misses Clarke, Mr. J. Cosens, Miss Crean, Miss Cook, Mr. H. Carry, Miss Cotter of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cameron, Miss Cameron, Mr. A. Chisholm, Miss Chisholm, Miss Fiedlay, Dr. F. Cowan, Mr. A. Crooks, Miss Crooks, Miss Coldham, Mr. Edward Clarke, Mr. A. H. Carter, Miss H. Casson, Miss S. Cross, Mr. B. E. Chaffey, Mr. Robert Cooper, Mrs. Dempsey, Miss May Doran, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Dodge of New York, Mr. W. H. and the Misses Dryman, Miss Dawson, Mr. E. Davis, Mr. C. Dickson, Mr. G. H. Dartnell, Mrs. R. C. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davies, Miss Dixon, Miss Davers of Clarenville, Miss Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dickson, Mr. H. A. Drummond, Miss Dunstan, Miss Kate Dixon, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Miss Darley, Mrs. Dr. Drayton, Mr. D. and Miss Donald, Mr. R. Y. Eddis, Mrs. and the Misses Ellis, Miss Evans of Ireland, Mr. George Eakin, Miss Erratt, Mr. J. E. Edis, Miss Eyres, Miss Ellis, Mr. A. Fleury of Aurora, Mrs. Frances, Miss Forsythe, Mrs. John Ferguson, Justice and Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Ferguson, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Judge Finkle of Woodstock, Miss M. Fahey, Mrs. Fitzgibbons, Mrs. A. Foy, Mrs. John and Miss Foy, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. D. Fleming, Mrs. R. D. Fairbairn, Miss K. Fraser, Mr. H. Fraser, Mr. Hugh Guelph, Mr. R. A. Grant, Mrs. Grier, Mrs. J. G. Gibson, Mr. Walter Gibbs, Miss Greet, Miss Grimshaw, Mrs. Gildersleeve, Mr. E. F. Gunther, Mr. E. R. and Miss Gunther, Miss Josie Gooderham, Miss Maggie Gooderham, Mr. J. S. Garvin, Mr. C. F. Gooderham, Mr. C. and Mrs. Green, Mr. J. K. George, Mrs. Grantham, Mr. R. Green, Miss E. Grant, Miss Gerald, Mr. L. O. P. Gunnarsson, Mr. R. Grosbourg, Mr. A. C. Gibson, Mr. J. H. Grant, Mr. A. E. K. Grier, Mr. J. W. Gale, Mr. P. Horrocks, Capt. W. Henderson, Mr. J. A. Henderson, Mr. C. E. Holmes, Mrs. Hall, Miss Hanbidge, Miss Harrison, Mr. E. Hopkins, Miss Hunter, Miss C. Harrison, Miss K. Henderson, Miss McL. Howard, the Misses Hounsman, Miss Holland, Miss Hewitt, Mr. H. Helyard, Miss Hubbell, Mr. Joseph Hughes, Miss Hughes, Mr. A. J. Henderson, Mr. V. Hutchinson, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. W. A. Hamilton, Miss Florence Houston, Miss Hale, Mr. W. A. Harvey, Mr. S. Haas, A. Hall, Mr. W. E. L. Hunter, Miss A. Hendrie, Mr. H. Howson, Miss Hilton of Toronto, Mr. W. B. Hope, Miss Hesson, Mr. S. Hubbard, Miss Howitt, Mr. J. C. Hopkins, Mr. W. A. Hamilton, Mr. F. W. Hill, Miss A. Jarvis, Miss Jerrold of Ottawa, Miss M. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mr. J. C. Judd, Mr. Fred Jones, Mr. S. Jones, Miss E. Jones, Mr. F. H. Jones, Mrs. F. D. Johnston, Miss Kent, Miss and Mr. H. Kortright of Barrie, Miss King, Mrs. M. and Miss Kertland, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. G. J. Kilgour, Mrs. C. S. Kingsmill, Miss Bessie Kemp, Miss Agnes Kemp, Miss Kerr, Miss Bertha Kirkpatrick, Miss G. Kingsmill, Mr. George Kelly, Mr. H. W. Keating, Mrs. Canfield, Miss Maggie Kirkpatrick, Miss Labatt, Dr. W. Leham, Mr. William Lumbers, Miss E. Lowe of Ottawa, Mrs. W. C. Lee, Mrs. A. B. Lee, Mr. Victor Lee, Mr. Lee and the Misses Lee, Mr. F. H. Lount, the Misses Lockhar, Miss Lockington, Mr. J. M. Lottridge, Miss Lottridge, Miss Lillie, Miss Hilton, Mr. Hugh Leach, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Leach, Miss Edna Lee, Mr. E. M. Luke, Miss M. Littlejohn, Mr. George Loring, Miss Lillie, Miss M. Lally of Barrie, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. C. L. Long, Miss Lundley, Mrs. John Lessile, Miss Lansmuir, Miss M. Livingstone, Mr. C. Morse, Mr. R. G. Martin, Mr. J. B. Martin, the Misses Martin, Miss Michie, Mr. C. E. Maddison, Mrs. H. Moffat, Miss Major, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merritt, Mrs. M. Mayson, Miss Mayson, Miss Carrie Moss, Mr. C. P. Millar, Mr. L. D. Merrick, Mr. D. Merrick, Miss Helen Milligan, Mrs. S. May, Mr. H. Matthews, Mr. R. J. Marsh, Mr. Arthur Monkhouse, Mr. F. J. Murphy, Mr. A. M. Grier, Mr. G. W. Monk, Miss Moor, Mr. H. J. Maughan, the Misses Mason, Mr. Charles Marriott, Mr. J. D. Macdonald, Mr. F. H. Mason, Mr. J. A. McGee, Mr. George McGuire, Miss Laura Moss, Mrs. Miller, Mr. J. J. Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Miss McCulloch, Mr. J. Morrison, Mr. Cesare J. Marani, Mr. F. Michie, Miss M. Meredith, Mr. J. J. Maclennan, Mrs. J. Morrison, Mr. F. Muat, R. B. Mathieson, Mrs. John H. Moss, Mrs. C. Moss, Miss Marshall, Mrs. J. A. McAndrew, Mr. Norman Macrae, Miss J. F. Macfarlane, Miss Macfarlane, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. and Mr. N. Macqueen of Woodstock, Mrs. Thomas McGaw, Mr. E. W. McIntyre, Miss Maud McCutcheon, Mr. L. D. McCarthy, Miss J. Macaree, Miss McMicking, Miss Bertha McKay, Capt. J. B. McLean, Mr. A. D. McArthur, Mr. D. S. McCarthy, Dr. McMahon, Miss McCausig, Miss M-Dermid, Mr. and Mrs. William McLean, Mr. T. A. McKnight, Mr. G. H. McIlwraith, Mr. G. A. Macpherson, Mr. J. D. McCon, Mr. J. E. McCluney, Miss A. McLean, Mr. J. C. McDonagh, Mrs. T. Machan, Mr. C. A. Masten, Mr. F. C. McPail ips, Miss McGibbon, Mr. W. D. McMurrich, Mr. J. C. Macdonald, Miss McGee, Mrs. R. Northcote, Miss Nanton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mrs. W. C. and Miss L. Nunn, the Misses Nairn, Mr. John Nairn, Mr. W. C. Noxon, Dr. G. O'Reilly of Fergus, Mr. J. D. Osborne of Hamilton, Mr. C. Oswald, Mr. J. Oakes, Mr. H. O'Hara, Miss O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Proctor, Mr. W. B. Powell, Miss Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Powell, Mrs. R. A. Pyne, Miss Perkins, Mrs. Parsons, the Misses Parsons, Mr. George and Miss M. Powell, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. D. A. Pender, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Postlethwaite, Mr. and Mrs. George Pyke, Miss Pope, John Payne, Miss Pepler, Miss Pate, Mr. G. A. Peters, Mrs. Patriarche, Miss Stella Pringle, Mr. Charles Pepler, Mr. Arthur D. Puechen, Mr. Robinson, Mr. J. E. Rogers, Mrs. Rankin, Miss Rich, Miss Reynolds, Mr. Fred Ramsay, Mr. F. J. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. William Ramsay, Mr. H. Mill Robinson, Mr. H. Robinson, Miss Mary Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogers, Dr. H. Robinson, Mr. P. Ryrie of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Richardson, Mr. E. Ricketts, Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Miss Ryan, Mrs. William Ryan, Mr. R. Ryan, Miss Cora Reid, Mr. F. J. Roche, Miss Richardson, Miss Amy Rutherford, Mr. D. Robinson, Mr. N. Ross, Miss Russell, Miss Richards, Mr. D. A. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Rose, Mrs. James Scott, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Mr. F. S. T. Strange, Miss Sealey, Mr. J. M. Stewart, Miss Sewell, Mr. Judson Sewell, Mr. W. Sutherland, Dr. and Mrs. Saelgrove, Miss Stuart of Fort Hope, Dr. Scadding, Dr. E. A. Spilsbury, Mr. W. Scott, Miss Scott, Mrs. Shepley, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Smith, Miss Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scales, Major George Starr, Mr. and Mrs. C. Spotton, Mrs. Staunton, Mr. J. Smith, Mr. A. Stiles, Miss A. Stewart, Miss M. Smith, Mr. J. N. Smith, Miss Maud Strachan, Judge and Mrs. Senkler of St. Catharines, Miss Laura Smith, Miss Fanny Smith, Mr. John Small, M.P., and Mrs. Small, Mr. O. B. and Miss Sandwell, Mr. E. B. Smith, Miss Carrie Smith, Mrs. J. Austin Smith, Miss K. Sproule, Mr. W. Stone, Mr. E. J. Smith, Mr. G. H. Smith, Miss Street, Miss A. Sullivan, Mr. E. Switzer, Mr. H. Symons, Mr. and Mrs. D. Saunders, Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. R. Smith, Miss Short, Miss Santer, Dr. R. A. Stephenson, Mr. Sidney Small, the Misses Small, Miss Sills, Mr. J. D. Swanson, Dr. Stacey, the Misses Smith, Mrs. Stone, Mr. E. A. Stewart, Mr. E. Stephenson, Mr. R. Samuel, Miss Sinclair, Mr. I. E. Suckling, Miss T. Spratt, Capt. M. Smith, Lieut.-Col. Scoble, Mrs. Spratt, Mr. J. N. Saunders, Mr. D. Thistle, Mrs. J. H. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thompson, Miss Turner, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor, Mr. W. P. Thompson, Mr. Frank Tilley, Miss Taylor of Goderich, Mr. C. E. Trow, Mr. G. A. Towner, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Taylor, Mr. H. R. Tilley, Miss Todd, Dr. W. N. Topp, Miss F. Temple, Mr. J. Thompson, Mr. E. P. Thompson, Mr. W. D. Taylor, Miss A. Todd, Miss M. Todd, Mrs. Townsend, Mr. G. Thompson, Dr. C. Trow, Mrs. Alfred Taylor, Miss Taylor, Miss L. Taylor, Miss May Temple, Miss L. Thompson, the Misses Temple, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mr. E. R. Vankoughnet, Miss Wade, Miss Ida Waldie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warwick, Miss Jean White, Mr. H. A. Ward, M.P., of Port Hope, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Weld, Mr. and Mrs. T. Woodbridge, Miss Woodbridge, the Misses Wadsworth, Miss May Walker, Mrs. David Walker, Mr. R. H. Winnett, Mr. G. T. Warwick, Mrs. R Warwick, Miss Wilkie, Mrs. H. D. Warren, Mr. W. J. Wallace, Miss Wilson, Mrs. J. B. Wilson, Miss Amy Williams, Mrs. Walter Wilkie, Mr. J. Wright, Mrs. Wallis, Mr. Harton Walker, Mr. C. M. Wilson, Dr. W. A. and Mrs. Young.

* * *

The following gowns were noticed among the immense number, and in a light which made it difficult to distinguished blues and greens, pinks and yellows. Lady Stanley, a superbly-fashioned toilette of ruby velvet with jetted trimmings and diamond coronet and necklace; Mrs. Coville, white satin with trimmings of gold, and bodice ornamented with gold fringe; Mrs. Gooderham, pale primrose yellow *crepe du chine*, pearl and diamond necklace; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, buttercup yellow brocade; Mrs. Boswell, black velvet and pink net, with pink feathers; Mrs. Cosby, electric blue; Mrs. A. Nordheimer, shrimp pink satin and chiffon; Mrs. Torrance, buttercup brocade with emerald passementerie; Mrs. Law, white satin and black chantilly lace; Mrs. Pope, black lisse; Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, pale yellow and blue; Miss Gray Cawthra, gray silk and diamonds; Mrs. Blackstock, white satin and brocade, pearls and diamonds; the Misses Homer Dixon, cream corded silks; Miss Cawthra, white ottoman silk and snowballs; Mrs. W. Brouse, nile green silk and diamonds; Mrs. Arthurs, red velvet; Miss Langmuir, white silk and silver; Miss Hodgins, cream; Mrs. Hume Blake, white and maize; Miss Smith, black brocade and shrimp pink; Mrs. Drayton, black and white silk; Miss Crean, red cashmere cotta, with cream silk and pearl embroidery; Mrs. Fred Denison, black lace; Mrs. Grantham, crimson velvet and pink; Mrs. Douglas Armour, buttercup *crepe du chine*; Mrs. Cawthra, dove silk and crape, with diamonds; Miss Seymour, black net, pink ribbons, and pink roses; Miss Sibyl Seymour, pale blue, with pink roses; Mrs. Helmsmap, white silk and black lace; Mrs. Vernon, white lace, bodice of brocade and wreath of yellow flowers; Miss Hillary, pale pink faille and net; Mrs. Walter Barwick, white silk and tulle and white roses; Miss Parsons, heliotrope silk and steel; Miss Evans, white grosgrain silk and feathers; Mrs. De Lisle, pale green silk; Mrs. W. Brouse, pale blue silk and diamonds; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, pale blue with green velvet; Miss Boswell, yellow satin and tulle; Miss Stuart of Port Hope, pale pink; Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, black *crepe du chine* and diamonds; Miss Parsons, black net and velvet, with gold embroidery; Mrs. Frank Mackelcan of Hamilton, pale gray tulle over yellow satin, bouquet of yellow roses; Mrs. Henry Duggan, black net embroidered in gold, train of black and yellow striped velvet; Miss Wadsworth, pale blue and cream roses; Miss Lena Cawthra, white satin, tulle and marguerites; Miss Rachel Lee, pale yellow crape and forget-me-nots.

Sir Alexander and Miss Campbell welcomed the following guests to dinner on Wednesday evening: The Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston, Major the Hon. C. R. and Mrs. Colville, Lieutenant the Hon. G. H. W. Walsh, Miss Clifton, Major-General Herbert, Capt. Streatfeild, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Commodore and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Hon. O. and Mrs. Mowat, Chief Justice Hagarty, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake, Mr. Christopher Robinson, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. Vernon, Commander and Mrs. Law, Miss Strange, Mr. and Mrs. E. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mr. C. J. Campbell, and Mrs. Stephen Heward.

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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"Men's behavior," observes Bacon, "should be, like their dress, not too strait or point-device, but free for exercise or motion." There can be no genial fellowship between affable, courteous people and your stiff-backed stylists, while the intercourse of the latter with one another is necessarily dull and dreary to the last degree. They can never enjoy society in their strait-jackets of cold reserve, than a wretch in the stocks could enjoy the hilarity of the crowd around him. Whoever desires to make friends should be cordial and conciliatory.

Nobody cares for automatic men and women who seem to go by clock-work, and to want oiling at that. The error of utter unseasonableness should be avoided, too. It is less repulsive than its opposite, but it does infinitely more mischief. A man had better seal up his thoughts and feelings in his own breast than sputter them forth, in season and out of season, to everybody he meets. Such incontinency of speech is sure to make the person guilty of it unpopular, and to create general embarrassment and alarm in the circle in which he moves.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Boudoir Gossip.

We speak with enthusiasm of the beauty and expression of the eyes. We speak with assurance, as to the wisdom of taking care of them, and yet blunder along in our laziness and foolishness, until letters dance on quivering pages and the glass aids to sight are called to sit astride our noses. While we cannot altogether dissociate the eyeglass from the student, and from intellectuality generally, we are forced to admit that the light of the soul does not shine with so cheery a ray through double windows. The "kindly light" of the spectacled eyes is a myth. There is no kindliness about glasses. They are uncomfortably searching, and we lose the delicate beauty of the brows, lashes and lids of our friends' eyes when we are forced to look at them through a glass on which the light falls with unpleasant glare.

Eyes may be divided into two classes—those which are round, and those which are known as almond-shaped. The evelid, is however, responsible for a good deal of the shaping, and because of this, and because the action of the lids is influenced by the formation of the forehead and cheeks, the eyes are especially generous in revealing characteristics. We find the oval shaped eye in all people who are remarkable for their intellectuality. If in conjunction with this eye formation, the intuitive faculties are especially well-developed, and the concentration good, we have a genius. Henry Irving's face is in exact record with this theory, and Edison's is also an accurate example. Without the concentrative faculty strong, almond-eyed people are apt to be impulsive and lack self-control. Large bright restless eyes show vivacity, but are not steadfast, though in most cases sincere. Sunken eyes, of cold color, indicate selfishness and obstinacy. If they are closely set, they give added penetration, if very close together, overshrewdness is shown, while if they are far apart, their owner lacks in mental power. If the corners turn down, subtlety of thought is indicated, and if the line of turning is crowded by small, fine wrinkles, a crafty and calculating nature is a positive possession. When a line runs along the lids at right angles to the nose, a cheery, hopeful nature is denoted.

What wonderful eyes one sees in the streets—eyes of which a passing glimpse only is obtained. Some are candid, laughing eyes, and some so crafty, so revengeful and so decidedly untruthful that one shudders at the sight of them. I watched a pair of handsome eyes today in a restaurant. They belonged to an old gray haired man, whose face had not a single unpleasant line. We rarely see an old face which is cheery and which, though earnest, bears few marks of life's care and struggle on it. This was a fine old face. Great shaggy gray brows told of self-reliance and tenderness. Oval eyelids bespoke imagination, and the clear blue-gray eye showed self-control, candor and mentality in no small degree. Just opposite sat my friend Etakeva and I stared into her merry blue eyes and was busily adding and subtracting the kindliness, humor, self-reliance, tact and sarcasm I found there, when she spoke and called me back from dreamland into a prosaic region, where coffee was the reigning sovereign.

•

Some of the advertisements which I read set me thinking. I wonder if the people who wrote them were a little idiotic, or if they imagined they were writing for the eyes of the hopelessly insane or the innocently credulous. One might imagine that some dry-goods houses, had a special permit which enabled them to know all about the future, and that after their stock was selected, nothing but the fag-ends of the fashion could possibly be represented by any other house in the world. One might also imagine that the assertive grocer kept hens on the premises, and had spring chickens in the cold air box of the furnace so as to have them ready at any time during the winter; that his maple syrup was boiled down cellar, instead of being spoiled there, and that as regards things in general, the millennium had descended in all its glory, but that he had the monopoly of it.

Bargains are things to fight shy of. It takes a remarkably clever woman to buy bargains and not lose money. The shop keeper knows it, and so do some women, and knowing it they eschew the bargain counter, and buy honest goods at fair prices.

•

Of all unreasonable people that we meet the hardest one to deal with is the humble grumbler. Women are supposed to be able to grumble the biggest and most extended grumbles ever set out on their discouraging missions. I don't believe it. We may have patent right to some forms of peevishness, but not to "the grumbles," as an old Englishwoman used to call them. There are two classes of these cumberers of the ground, for some people fret under real troubles, and can tell you of them. They are rebellious, and sometimes you can comfort them, or reason them into a degree of submission, by directing philosophy at them—the wise, stern, hard things which you have stored up and keep to dose yourself with when the sun shines blue. A real rebellious grumbler can be dealt with, but did you ever try to comfort one who wept at regular intervals, who was submissive, knew it was all that could be expected, no more than was deserved, couldn't see any way to better affairs, but simply "felt bad?" That is what I call a "humble grumbler," and of whom I think in Latin adjectives and short, abrupt Saxon nouns.

•

It is not a fad that we care most for old books, old pictures, old china and old lace. Even a new gown is out of place until its wearer forms it to suit her. How stiffly the sleeve sets, how faultlessly each fold hangs, how the material falls away from the figure and shyly stands away from the neck when it is all new. The better acquainted a gown becomes with its wearer the more of a well dressed woman she is, and the less she resembled a fashion plate with its awful caricature of the human form. I know women who detest new gowns and cling to the old ones, even when the warp and woof are sueing for divorce. A simple gown, suitable in fashioning becomes a part of its wearer, and is invested with her personality. She is not a figure to exhibit a combination of materials. She is a queen to press them into her service, and she lays upon them the badge of servitude.

•

A business woman is one who:
Keeps her appointments.
Winds her watch.
Endorses a cheque correctly.
Does not wait forty minutes for trains.
Pays her share in all expenses.
Plans her day's work.
Knows what she wants, and is satisfied when she gets it.
Can see plans foiled and not cry.
Does not "beat down" shop keepers.
Hoards time and spends the dollars it makes for her.

•

It pays to be kind-hearted and gentle-tongued. We may receive a certain amount of consolation from the fact that no matter how savagely some quarrelsome individual is mouthing his words, nor how high his voice has climbed, that we cannot in any way make him more furious, than in refusing to follow his example, and keeping our voices a few notes lower than usual. This is rather wicked, I daresay, but it all comes in when one wants to study nature in the human beings about.

As to saying mean things—that is one grand mistake if one wishes to be happy. There never was a mean bit of sarcasm voiced that did not return and breathe its corrupting breath upon its originator. It dulls the delicacy of thought and expression. It wounds others. It hurts us. We are more womanly when we are gentle-voiced, and when with all due regard to independence, we practice as much as we preach of that grand charity towards those whose thoughts, if known, would often give the lie to their actions.

CLIP CAREW.

Watching the World go By.

Swift as a meteor, and as quickly gone,
A train of cars darts swiftly through the night
Scorning the wood and field, it hurries on,
A thing of wrathful might.

There, from a farmer's home a woman's eyes,
Roused by a sudden jar and passing flare,
Follow the speeding phantom till it dies,—
An echo on the air.

Narrow the life that always has been here,
The evening brings a longing to her breast;
Deep in her heart some aspiration stirs
And mocks her soul's unrest.

Her tasks are mean and endless as the days,
And sometimes love cannot repay all things;
An instrument that rudely touched, obeys,
Becomes discordant strings.

The train that followed in the headlight's flare,
Bound for the city and a larger world,
Made emphasis of her poor life of care,
As from her sight it whirled.

Thus from all lonely hearts the great earth rolls,
Indifferent though one woman grieve and die;
Along its iron track are many souls
That watch the world go by.

Doing Penance.

The Oriental notion that no one can insult so violently as a woman, because no one has such a tart tongue, is illustrated by an anecdote translated from an available author. "I stood on a road, conversing with a friend," said a learned man, "when a woman, halting, gazed at me steadfastly. When her staring had passed all bounds, I told my slave to ask the woman what she was listening to. He came back, and reported that the woman had said: 'My eyes had committed a great sin. I intended to inflict a punishment upon them, and I could devise none worse than looking at that hideous face.'"

For Opera, Theater, or Smoking Concert.

The Tuxedo, or "tailless dress coat" as it is sometimes defined, is the proper dress for such occasions. There has been a deal of nonsense fired off by the uninitiated regarding this innovation which is comparatively recent. The reader may be assured that this garment is not such a very formidable novelty after all. It is, in fact, as old as the bills as a garment. Although it is unfamiliar in this country, it is, in fact, nothing more nor less than the East India tea coat, which has been worn in Calcutta and all the oriental capitals for probably a quarter of a century. It was designed to meet the requirements of an informal dress garment for use in a warm country where such extraneous nuisances as tails or anything that added to the weight or density of a garment were undesirable. To make room for my specially large spring importation which I expect to arrive shortly, am offering special inducements to my patrons and the public generally during the month of February. Remember the fashionable west-end tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House block.

Bullets can whistle; but it takes a brave man to listen to them.—*Drake's Magazine.*

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Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
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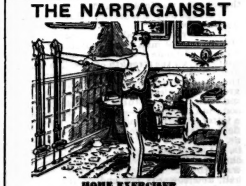

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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER V.

THE FACE IN THE VISION.

The little party of four sat long at the tea-table under the wide branches of the tulip tree, which was in its perfection at this season. The rectory garden was on a level stretch of ground; but below the shrubbery that girdled lawn and parterre, the glebe meadows sloped towards the low, irregular cliff; and beyond the undulating line of the cliff danced the bright wavelets of the estuary. The garden and its surroundings were all that lovely, fertile, smiling—not the grand scenery of North Devon, nor the still bolder coast-line of North Cornwall, by that steep cliff on whose one upmost pinnacle, crown of towers, but a fertile and lovable land, which seems to invite restfulness and a happy content with things that be, rather than soaring aspirations or heroic endeavor.

Landward of the rectory garden and orchard there rose a wooded hill, which commanded a fine view of the channel, and the white winged ships sailing away towards Start Point, and the distant Lizard. Beyond hill, with the wood and coppice, had been Gerard's delight in the summer holidays of boyhood. He had read there in his long vacations—and there were spots which to this hour recalled certain passages in the classics, and certain difficulties in the higher mathematics.

He thought of that time as cut off time as he sat, sipping a third cup of tea, in a dreamy mood, after having done scanty justice to the plethora of rustic fare. The two girls had gone indoors, leaving mother and son tete-a-tete. Mrs. Hillersdon sitting silent, plying those busy needles which knitted socks for half the old men and children in the parish, and Gerard lost in reverie. He was first to break the silence.

"Mother, I saw a face the other day which reminded me of home—and of—ever so many years ago—five or six years, at least—and yet I can't associate the face with anyone in this parish. I can't tell you how familiar it seemed, or how I have battered my brains to find out where and how I saw it."

"A sad face, or a woman's?"

"A girl's face—or rather say the face of a woman of three or four and twenty—a woman in humble life. It must have been one of your cottagers, but I can't identify her. It is a very lovely face."

"Her face did you see this young woman? Why didn't you question her!"

"The face flashed upon me and was gone. There was no time for asking questions. I want you to help me, if you can. So lovely a face must have made some impression upon you. Think of the prettiest girls you have known in this village and the surrounding neighborhood."

"There are so many pretty girls. Devon is famous for beauty. A good many of the strangers about here have given me their photographs. People are very fond of being photographed now the luxury is so cheap. I have an album that I keep on purpose for my parish friends. You can look through it this evening, if you like, and see if you can identify your young woman."

"She would not be one among a herd." Gerard answered irritably. "I know what your Devon beauty means—fine features and fine carnations. This girl is utterly unlike the type. Surely you can remember a girl of exceptional beauty, with whom we had some kind of association as we used to know each other years, but whom I must have seen seldom, or I should be able to identify her!"

"Exceptional beauty!" repeated Mrs. Hillersdon, thoughtfully. "I can recall nobody in the parish whom I should call exceptionally beautiful. But men have such odd notions of beauty. I have heard a girl with a snub nose and a wide mouth extolled as if she were Venus. Why are you so anxious to know more about this young woman?"

"I have reason to think she is in distress, and I should like to help her—now that I am established enough to do something."

"It would not be foolish if she is a good girl—but beware of exquisite beauty in humble life, Gerard. It would ruin your prospects."

"Oh, my dear mother, we have all read David Copperfield. I am not going to imitate Steerforth in his betrayal of little Emily. I am mystified about this girl, and I want to learn who she is and whence she came."

"Not from this parish, Gerard, I am sure, unless you can find her in my album."

"Let me see your album, this minute," cried Gerard.

The parlormaid approached as he spoke, and began to clear the tea table.

"Run to my room and bring me the big brown photograph album," said Mrs. Hillersdon, and the brisk young maidservant ran off away and presently returned with a brown morocco volume which had seen long service. Gerard turned the leaves eagerly. He knew a curious collection of old-fashioned finery, mushroom hats, crinolines, Garibaldi shirts, festoons, flounces, and Marie-Antoinette jackets, mantles, and of every style in fashion worn within the last thirty years—old men and maidens, fathers, mothers, children, babies in abundance.

Ta ret ery of pretty faces—fce s which even the rustic photographer could not spoil; but there was not one which he could identify as resemblance to the face he had seen in Justin Jermyn's chambers.

"No!" he exclaimed, flinging the book upon the table in disgust, "there is no sign of her among all your bumpkins."

"Please don't sneer at my bumpkins. You don't know what good, bright, patient, hard-working creatures there are among them, or how proud I am to know that they are fond of me."

"The girl I saw has an ethereal face—not flesh, but spirit—dreaming eyes, large and soft, shadowed by long dark lashes—fair hair, not golden, pearly you—but distinctly fair, and soft brown, like the coat of a fallow deer. Her features are exquisitely delicate, modeling of nose and chin like a madonna by Raphael—yes, it is a Raffaelle face, so soft in coloring, so heavenly in expression—but sad, unutterably sad."

"Hester Davenport," exclaimed Mrs. Hillersdon, suddenly, "you have described her to the life. Poor girl. Where did you meet her? I thought she was in Australia."

"Perhaps only in a dream. But who is Hester Davenport?"

"Don't you remember the curate, Nicholas Davenport, the man whom your father engaged without adequate scrutiny into antecedents or character, on the strength of his fine manner and appearance, and his evident superiority to the common run of churchmen—a man of great theological learning, your father told me. He had been tutor to a nobleman's son—in Cumberland—and he gave your father a letter of recommendation from Lord Raynmild, and spent seven years before he came to us. You know how unsuspicious your father is. It never occurred to him that the man's character might have changed since that letter was written. He was with us a year and a half, and towards the end of that time his daughter came from Hanover, where she had been sent for a year or so to finish her education. We were all struck with her beauty, and sweet gentle manners.

"Yes, yes, I remember now. I was at home when she arrived. How could I forget? She came to tea with Lilian one afternoon when I was loafing about the garden, and I talked to her for five minutes or so, not more, for I had to hurry off to catch the train for Exeter. I saw her once after that—met her on the sands one morning. Yes, the face comes back to me as it was then—in all the freshness of girlhood.

"She was only seventeen when she came from Germany."

"And Davenport went wrong, did he not? Turned out an incorrigible drunkard!"

"Yes; it was unspeakably sad. He used to have occasional lapses—never during his church work—but when he was about in the parish. He told your father that he suffered from slight attacks of epilepsy; so slight as to be no hindrance to his duties. This went on for over a y. ar, and then, on All Saint's Day, he had an attack in the reading desk—a lapse of consciousness so long and regular that it seemed very strange—we were puzzled—but none of us guessed the dreadful truth, till one Sunday evening, about a fortnight after his poor daughter came home from Germany, he went up into the pulpit, reeling, and clutching at the balustrade, and began to preach in the wildest language, and in a dreadful hoarse voice, and bursting into hysterical laughter. Your father had to go up into the pulpit with one of the church wardens and bring him down by main force. He was perfectly mad; but it was drink, Gerard, drink, that had caused all the evil. "He had been taking brandy secretly for years—sometimes one, sometimes the other. He was a secret drinker—that learned, intellectual man, a man who had taken the highest honors at Oxford, a man whom Oxford men remembered."

"What became of him after that?"

"He had to be sent away, and as your father dared not recommend him to anybody, and as the scandal of his behavior had been heard of throughout the diocese, he was left to beg or starve—he could not get any further employment in the church. Your father was very sorry for him, and gave him a little money to help him to emigrate. His old parish, where he had helped him, and old college friends contributed, and he and his daughter sailed for Melbourne. I went to Plymouth to see them off, he was very sorry for the poor motherless girl, in her deep distress, and your father and others wanted to be sure that they really got off, as Davenport was so addicted to drink, and might have let the ship sail without him. They went out in a sailing vessel, crowded with fever, accident and third-class emigrants. They went second class, and I can see her now as I saw her that day, standing in the bows, with her hand through her father's arm, while he waved his handkerchief to me. She was white and wan, poor child, but exquisitely lovely. I could not help thinking of what her life might have been if her father had been of prosperous parents; yet I know she adored that old reprobate."

"Exquisitely lovely, yes," mused Gerard, "and going out to a new world in an emigrant ship, and with a drunken old man for her only guardian and stay. A hard fate for exquisite beauty, is it not, mother? And now, I believe she is in London, working at a needlewoman's starvation wages, somewhere in St. Giles'."

"But how came you to learn so much, and yet not to know more?"

"Did I not tell you that it was a dream!" he asked, with a mocking smile! "But I mean to know more, mother; I mean to find this girl if book or brain can help me to do it."

"You must not mix yourself in her life, Gerard," said Mrs. Hillersdon, gravely; "that might end badly."

"Oh, mother, you are full of fears! One would think I were Mephistopheles, or Faust; while all I want is that my money may be of some use to a deserving creature. Mother, I should have utterly failed to identify the face, till you helped me."

He went indoors with his mother, and found his room—the room which had been his ever since he left the nursery—ready for occupation. The old nursemaid, whom he had teased and joked with for years, and Mrs. Hillersdon's maid had bustled and hurried to get Mr. Gerard's room aired and dusted, and his portmanteau unpacked on returning to his bedroom. The dressing-bell rang out from the old wooden cupola that crowned the low roof. Everything had the odor he knew so well—a perfume of lavender and withered rose leaves mixed with some strange Indian scent which was an inheritance from his mother's side of the house, her people having been civilians and soldiers in Bengal for half a century. It was a curious composite perfume, which for him meant the sweetness of home, and brought back memories of youth.

The rector received the news of his son's altered fortunes at first with incredulity, and then with pleasure, mingled with a little pride.

"The whole business seems too wonderful to be true, Gerard," he said; "but if it really is true, you owe it to your luckiest star I ever heard of—to inherit an old man's wealth without ever having cringed to him or fawned upon him. Your mother and I have received your telegram with rapture, without having to say thank you, except to Providence!"

"The rector was by no means a selfish man, and he had been an indulgent father, bearing with a good deal of extravagance and some perversity on the part of his son, but he was not alive to any great generosity, and needs mean comfort and luxury for him in his declining years, and a freedom from financial cares which would be impossible, if his son's needs, liberally as the rectory was administered. His living was worth nine hundred a year, and he and his wife believed them had about five hundred of independent income, and it is not easy for a man of good family and with refined tastes to live within an income of fourteen hundred a year, especially when he is a rector in a rural parish in which the lower orders look to him for aid in all their necessities, while the surrounding gentry expect him to play an equal part in all their sports and hospitalities.

Gerard stayed with his people just two days. That was as much time as he could spare for business, and he was anxious to avoid a natural restlessness of a man whose fortunes have undergone a sudden and wondrous change, and who is anxious to put new-acquired power to the test. Father, mother, and sister would gladly have kept him longer in that rural paradise, and Gerard, having got wind of his inheritance, exercised all his blandishments, her spells of woven paces and of weaving hands, to bind him to her side. Garden, and hills, and rustic lanes, and summer seas were all alike suggestive of restfulness and oblivion of the busy world; but a young man, newly lord of vast wealth, is no more to be satisfied with indolence in a garden than Eve was. He, too, like Eve, longed to taste the fruit of the fatal tree.

"I have seen what life is like to a man who never has a spare five pound note," he told his sister; "I want to find out how life tastes to a millionaire. And when I have furnished rooms or a house, and have settled down a little, you must come and keep house for me, Lilian—"

"Nonsense, dear! You will be marrying before this year is out."

"I have no idea of marrying. There is nothing so unlikely as my marriage. You shall be housekeeper, Lilian."

"I couldn't leave mother—at least, not for years to come," said Lilian.

"Mr. Cumberland's home will need you more than she needs you now. I begin to understand you, Lilian. That tall, ill-looking curate—Mr. Cumberland—has something to do with your hesitations."

"Do you think him so very ugly," asked Lilian, with a distressed look.

"I didn't say very ugly; but I certainly don't think him handsome. That knotted and bulging brow means brains, I suppose."

"He was fifth wrangler, and he is a splendid musician," said his sister, "I wish you would stay on Sunday to hear what he has made of the choir."

"If he has made them sing in tune he must be a wonderful man. And so he is the person whose merits and fortunes are to color your future, Lilian. I had no idea of it when I saw him hanging over your piano last night. I thought he was only a bore, Lilian. I suppose he is just the type of man girls in country parsonages admire—tall, athletic, with fine eyes, and dark overhanging brows, large strong hands, thick wavy hair, and a powerful baritone voice. I can quite understand your liking Mr. Cumberland, but what does the governor think of it all?"

"Father does not mind," Lilian answered naively. "Jack is of very good family, but he will have to get a living before we are married."

"He shall have a living—if he is worthy of my sister," said Gerard. "Money will buy livings—he shall be a pluralist if he likes."

"Oh, Gerard, he is the last man to like that. He has such a strong idea of duty. He would like a big parish in a seaport, I think, with plenty of work. His best gifts are wasted in such a place as this, but all your people adore him. Father owns that he never had such a helper."

"My sweet enthusiast, we will look out for a seaport. You shall be a ministering angel to sailors and sailors' wives—you shall temper the cruelties of life in a crowded city—and generally pave the way for Lilian's best some day that my sister's husband has been struck down by a malignant fever and that she has done herself to death in nursing him."

CHAPTER VI.

"IT IS AN OATH," SHE SAID.

Gerard went back to London, but eager as he was to return he felt a pang of regret as he bade his mother good-bye in the fresh early morning, and turned his face towards the great city. His brief visit to the old home had been an interval of rest in a life that had been all unrest of late. He fancied that *peau de chagrin* could hardly have shrunk by a hair's breadth during those hours of calm affection, or interchange of thought and feeling, without vehemence or excitement. He had left Mrs. Hillersdon in ignorance that he was living back to the edge of a volcano. The rage of spending was upon him. He wanted to do something with the money which he had scarcely had time to calculate. He drove straight from Waterloo station to Lincoln's Inn, and went through the schedule of his possessions with Mr. Champion, who was a little dry old man, like the Princess Ida's father, and had none of the prestige and unctuousness of his junior partner, Mr. Crafton. One could divine easily that while Mr. Crafton lived in a handsome "place" at Surbiton, grew pines and peaches, and prided himself upon his stable and garden, Mr. Cranberry was content with a dingy house in one of the Bloomsbury squares, and restricted his pride of life to a few Dutch pictures, a good cellar, and a cellar of comet port and old East Indian sherry.

From this gentleman Gerard Hillersdon elicited—together with much detail—the sudden fact that his capital summed up to a little over two millions, and was invested securely, in a manner as safe as any Government stock, and a half per cent., whereby his income amounted to £90,000.

His cheek paled at the mere mention of the sum. It was too much undoubtedly, almost an evil thing to acquire such gigantic wealth with a suddenness as of an earthquake or an apoplectic stroke. He felt confused by the wealth overawed him; and yet he had no desire to lessen it by any large act of benevolence or philanthropy. He had no inclination to give the London slums another breathing ground, or to sink £100,000 upon a block of dwellings for the subject of the great city. He was at once cared and elated.

"Let me have a few thousands immediately," he said; "open an account for me at Mr. Mordo's bank. Let people see I am rich!"

"It shall be done," replied Mr. Cranberry; and then he explained that there were certain formalities to be gone through, which could not be completed without delay, if his client would give his mind to the business.

The two men drove round to the bank together. Cranberry opened his client's account with his own cheque for £5,000, and a clerk handed Mr. Hillersdon a cheque-book. His pride and pleasure in his handsome was to write a cheque for a thousand pounds, payable to the Rev. Edward Hillersdon, and this he encoded in a brief scrawl to his mother:

"Ask the rector to give Lilian a new frock," he wrote, "and to do just what he likes with the rest of your money. I shall send you my little gift upon your birthday next week. Alas! I let the date slip by last year, unmarked by so much as a card."

It was too late to begin his search for a new domicile that afternoon, so he called on Mrs. Champion, who had gone to Charing Cross station to meet Mr. Champion, his wife, just from the Continent, and then he went on to the pretty little Septem Club, with its old-fashioned low-ceiled rooms, and its view of Twickenham into Bird cage walk, and there he took tea with Roger Larose, who was generally to be found there at tea time.

"I have been thinking of a fortune," said Larose, with his easy languor. "You have been trying to keep the fact dark, I know, but there things will ooze out."

"Who told you?"

"Nobody. It is in the air. I think I read a paragraph in the *Empire*—but there are so many paragraphs. I congratulate you upon your wealth. Is it much?"

"Yes; it is a good deal. My old friends needn't be afraid of borrowing a few pounds of me when they are hard up."

"Thanks, my dear Gerard. I will bear it in mind. And what are you going to do? Shall you really be content to live among us, and know us still?"

"The world and the people I know are quite the best world and people I have ever imagined, only I mean to have pleasant surroundings. Give me your counsel, Larose, as an intellect and a man of taste. Shall I have chambers in the Albany, or a house and garden of my own?"

"Have, by all means! The Albany is old-fashioned; it savors of Pelham and Coningsby. You must have a house near the south side of Hyde Park—a house in a walled garden, and you will be quite right. Your fortune will will be fabulously dear. That, of course is a a necessity. You must get an R. A. to decorate your walls. The president won't do it, but you must have an R. A."

"Thanks! I have my own ideas about decoration and furniture."

"And you don't want an R. A.! Extraordinary young man! He never, your garden will be the grand point—a garden in which you can entertain, a garden in which you can picnic or dine tete-a-tete with your chosen friend, or with the select few. In London there is nothing like a garden for distinction. The opposite of it always tells. Sit down and write to a house agent at once; someone near the Park. Messrs. Harley & Mennet, I'll bet, they will do. Tell them exactly what you want."

The letter was written at Larose's dictation—a house of such and such elevation; between Knightsbridge and Albert Hall—building ample, but not too near the house; garden of at least two acres indispensable.

Messrs. Harley and Mennet answer came by the eleven o'clock post on the following morning. They were pleased to state that by a happy conjunction of events—namely, the sudden death of a client, and his widow's withdrawal to the continent—they had now at their disposal just such a house and grounds as Mr. Hillersdon required. Such houses, Messrs. H. and M. begged to remind Mr. H., were seldom in the market; they were as precious and as rare in their line as the Koh-I-noor or the Pitt diamond. The price asked for the ground lease of seventy-three and a quarter years was forty thousand pounds, a very reasonable amount under the circumstances. The annual ground rent was two hundred and fifty pounds. The auctioneers enclosed a card to view, and Hillersdon set off at once, eager to see if the house realized their description. When he found himself in Piccadilly he thought he would ask Edith Champion to go and look at the house with him. The attention would please her, no doubt; and he had a vague feeling of remorse on her account, as if—although he had behaved very handsomely—he had wronged her. Certainly under the old conditions he would have gone back to Hertford street in the evening, instead of wandering from theatre to music-hall, and from music-hall to post-midnight club, with Roger Larose.

There were two carriages, a Victoria and a hack-horse brougham standing before Mr. Champion's house; a curious circumstance at that early hour. It occurred to Gerard that they looked like the doctor's carriages, and the idea struck him with a sudden dread. Could anything evil have happened! Could she, whom he last saw splendid in health and beauty, have been stricken with sudden illness?

He asked the servant who answered his ring if Mrs. Champion was ill.

"No, sir, not Mrs. Champion," the man answered, promptly; "Mr. Champion came home out of sorts yesterday afternoon two doctors with 'im for the last 'arf-hour. Will you step up to the drawing-room, sir? My mistress is in the library with the doctors, but I daresay she will see you shortly."

"Yes, I'll wait. I hope Mr. Champion is not seriously ill?"

"No, sir. Only a general derangement, I believe. He has been complaining for some time. Master is getting on in years, you see, sir," added the butler, with the privilege of an upper servant.

Getting on in years! Yes, James Champion was no doubt upon the downward slope of the hill, but until this moment Gerard had never thought of him as mortal, as a factor that might some day vanish out of the sum of Edith's life. The man seemed so fenced round and protected by his wealth, and to be no more subject to sickness or death than a money-bag.

He was shown into the drawing room, where the sunshine was broken into innumerable prettinesses scattered about the tables were dimly seen in the tempered light. No broad sunshine ever had been let into Mrs. Champion's drawing rooms. Only under the lower edge of the festooned silken blinds was the brightness of the summer day allowed to filter through a screen of silver filigree curtains that quivered and glanced in the noon-day light.

Gerard had the room to himself for nearly twenty minutes by the clock—a long time for him to show patience, and to contemplate departure, when the silver-gray plush portiere was pushed aside and Edith Champion came into the room, dressed in a pale muslin breakfast gown, and with a face that matched her gown.

He came slowly towards him, as he advanced to meet her, looking at him with a curious earnestness.

"How pale you are," he said. "I was shocked to hear that Mr. Champion was ill. I hope it is nothing serious!"

"It is serious; very serious!" she said, and there was a little quiver of pain before her face, and tears streamed from between her jewelled fingers.

"I am thinking how good he has been to me—how liberal, how indulgent, and how little I have ever done for him in return," she said, with unaffected sorrow. "I am full of remorse when I think of my married life."

"My dear Edith," he said, taking her hand; indeed you wrong yourself. You have done nothing of which you need be ashamed."

"I have always tried to think that, on my knees in church," she said. "I have taught myself to believe that there was no fault in my life. Indeed, it seemed blameless compared with the lives of women I know; women with whom the world finds no fault. But I know now that I have been a wicked wife."

"But, Edith!" returning naturally to the habit of a former time in his compassion for her grief, and in his anxiety to comfort her. There has been no shame in our friendship. It was natural that you and I, who are young, and who were thrown together, should take to each other's society. Mr. Champion has seen us together; he has never suspected evil."

"No; he is utterly without jealousy or suspicion. Perhaps that is because he has never really cared for me," she said, as if reasoning aloud to herself. "He has been so very good and indulgent, ready to gratify my lightest whim, treating me like a queen. And now I feel that I have been cold and ungrateful, indifferent to his feelings and inclinations, going my own way in blind self-indulgence."

"My dear Edith, be assured this remorse is unreasonable. You have been an excellent wife for Mr. Champion, who—who is not an emotional person, and would be only bored by a romantic affection. But is the case really so bad! Is your husband dangerously ill!"

"There is no doubt the case is hopeless. He cannot live long—perhaps a year, at most. He was ill when I last saw you, some time that he was out of health. He consulted a doctor in Brussels, who rather scared him by his hints of a fatal disease—some kind of spleen, very dangerous, and very difficult to deal with. He came home, and spent nearly two months in ponding about himself, and last night he sent for his doctor, and arranged a consultation with a specialist for this morning. Both were here with me, telling me much more than they dared tell my husband. They have spoken fair words to him, poor, dear man, but they have told me that he can live but a few months, at most, perhaps not longer than two years. All that their science can do, all that healing springs and mountain air, and constant care and skilled nursing can do, is to spin out the weak thread of life for a year or two at most. He is only fifty-five, Gerard, and he has been so good to me, so kind, so indulgent! It seems cruel for him to be taken away so soon."

"Death is always cruel," Gerard answered vaguely, for he had thought of Mr. Champion as a man likely to die before the Scriptural threescore and ten.

"Nor I," said Edith. "God knows I have never calculated upon his death."

There was a silence, as they sat side by side, her pale cheeks wet with tears, her hands clasped upon her knee, he sorry embarrassed, feeling all that was painful in their position.

"Is it true about this fortune of yours?" she asked, after a long pause.

"Yes, the thing is a reality. I am beginning to believe in it myself. I was coming to you this morning to ask you to come and help me to choose a house."

"You are going to take a house!" she exclaimed. "That means you are going to be married."

"Nothing of the kind. Why should not a bachelor who can afford it, amuse himself by creating a home and a fireside?"

"Oh, I am afraid, I am afraid," she murmured. "I know all the women will run after you. I know how desperate they are when a rich marriage is the prize for which they are competing. Gerard, I think you have cared for me always—a little—in all these years."

"You know that I have been your slave," he answered. "Without any pretensions that could wrong Mr. Champion I have gone on blindly adoring you, as much your lover as I was before you married him."

"Oh, Gerard, I was not a jilt. I was made to marry Mr. Champion. You can't imagine what influences were brought to bear upon a girl who is the youngest member of a large family—the preaching of mother and father, and aunts and uncles, and worldly friends, and elder sisters. It is the constant dropping that wears out a stone, the everlasting iteration. They told me I should spoil your life as well as my own. They painted such a awful picture of our future—cheap lodgings—exile—and then perhaps the workhouse—or worse, even—suicide. I thought of that picture in Fifth Avenue, of Ruin—the wretched husband alone in a garret, preparing to shoot himself. Gerard, I thought of you ruined and penniless like that man, contemplating suicide."

Gerard smiled curiously, remembering how only a few days ago he had contemplated, and even resolved, upon that last act in the tragedy of failure.

Edith Champion had risen in her agitation, and was pacing to and fro in front of the fire. She turned suddenly in her pacing to and fro, and came towards Gerard, who had taken up his hat and stick, preparatory to departure.

"Tell me what you think I should have done to marry—yet awhile," she said, with feverish intensity.

"Believe me there is nothing further from my thoughts."

"And you are not weary of me! I am still as much to you as I was years ago when we were engaged?"

"You are and have been all the world to me since first we met," he answered, tenderly.

"Then you can promise me something, Gerard. If that is true—if I am indeed your only love—it cannot hurt you to promise," she faltered, drawing nearer to him, laying a tremulous hand upon his shoulder, and looking at him with tearful eyes.

"To promise what, dearest?"

"That you will not marry anyone else—that you will wait till—till I am free. Oh, Gerard, don't think me cruel because I count upon your love—because I feel that it is my duty to my husband; I mean to be a better wife to him than I have ever been; less selfish, less given over to worldly pleasures, luxury and show—more thoughtful of him and his comfort. But the end must come before very long. The doctors told me so to be prepared. It may come soon and suddenly—it must come before I am two years older. I shall not be an old woman even then, Gerard," she said, smiling through her tears, and looking shyly at him from by a year or so, "and I hope I shall not be an ugly woman. Will you promise to wait?"

"Willingly, Edith, were the years ten instead of two."

"Will you promise."

"Yes, I promise."

"It is an oath," she said. "Say that you will be true to me by all you hold most sacred in this world and the next, as you are a man of honor."

"As I am a man of honor, I will marry you and none other. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, eagerly; "I am content. Nothing else would have given me peace. I have been tormenting myself ever since I heard of your fortune. I hated the poor old man whose gratitude enriched you. But now I can be at rest; I can trust implicitly in your honor. I am happy now, Gerard, and I can do my duty to my husband, undisturbed by cares and anxieties about the future. We shall not meet so often as we have done, perhaps. I shall see you oftener than anyone else!"

"You shall see me as often as you and Mr. Champion like to invite me. But tell me more about him. Is it the heart that is wrong?"

"Oh, it is a complicated disease—weak heart, overworked brain, gouty tendency, and other complications. You know how strong he looks, what a solid block of a man. Well, he is like a citadel that has been long undermined, which may fall at any time, perhaps without warning, or may crumble slowly, inch by inch. Nothing but constant care that I could not understand, but the main fact is only too clear. He is doomed."

"Does he know! Have they told him!"

"Not half what they told me. He is not to be alarmed. Most of the evil has arisen from over-work—the strain and fever of the race for wealth—and while he has been wasting his life in the effort to make money, I have been spending it, oh, how recklessly! I am full of remorse when I think that I have been spending, not money, but my husband's life."

"My dear Edith, it is his metier, his one amusement and desire to make money, and as for your extravagance, it has been after his own heart. A less costly wife would not have suited him."

"Yes, that is quite true. He has always encouraged me to spend money. But it is sad, all the same. He did not know that money cannot buy health, nor blood. It has been going drop by drop."

"We spend our lives as we live them, Edith," Gerard answered gloomily, "all strong passion means much loss. We cannot live intensely and yet live long. You know Balzac's story, 'La Peau de Chagrin!'"

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"Yes, yes, a terribly sad story."

"Only an allegory, Edith. We are all living as Raphael de Valentin lived, although we have no talisman to mark the waste of our years. Good-bye; you will come and help me to choose my house, in a few days, will you not?"

"Yes, in a few days. When I have recovered from the shock of this morning."

He went out into the broad bright sunshine, agitated, but by no means unhappy.

It was a relief to see the end of that dubious and not altogether delightful road along which he had been traveling, that primrose path of dalliance which had seemed to lead no whither.

He had pledged himself for life, as surely as if he had vowed the marriage vow before the altar, or allowed himself to be booked and docketted in a registrar's office. For a man of honor there could be no retreat from such a vow. Nothing but shame or death could cancel the promise he had given. But he had no regret for having so promised. He had no foreshadowing of future evil. He had only confirmed by a vow the bondage into which he had entered seven years ago, when all life lay new and untried before him. This woman was still to him the dearest of all women, and he was willing to be bound to her.

(To be Continued.)

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"He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last"

—*Life.*

The old Families are Alarmed.

"Heaven," said Napoleon, "is usually on the side of the heavy battalions." Socially, it seems to be on the side of the heavy purses. A certain Bavarian Semite, named Hirsch, made a huge fortune by transactions with the Sultan, which he increased subsequently by transactions on the Stock Exchange. In Paris, society did not precisely take to him, so he came over to England, where he became a member of the Marlborough Club, the entertainer and the bosom friend of Royalty, and by spending freely, buying racehorses, and rearing pheasants, he acquired some sort of social currency. But he was not satisfied with having British grandees groveling before his moneybags. In Paris he had been cold-shouldered, and in Paris he was determined to have his revenge. He had been blackballed at a fashionable club. So he bought the house that the club rented, and threatened to turn it out. In the meantime he had advanced money to the Boulanger conspiracy at the desire of the Orleans family, and very possibly he had performed a like service to some of the members of the family. It is now announced that the united efforts of the friends of the Orleans family and of the Prince of Wales are being exerted to effect a treaty of peace. Hirsch agrees to renew the lease of the club for a long term of years, with an understanding that he will, at a future ballot, be elected a member. I am glad to hear that some of the members of the club are resisting this person being forced upon them. If this sort of thing is to be tolerated, we shall have him buying his way into respectable English clubs, and he will no doubt follow up his success in this direction by purchasing mortgages on the residences of our aristocracy, and insisting, under the threat of foreclosure, on being received in them as a guest. This "man in possession" mode of getting into society is quite *fin du siecle*, and opens up a vast field for plutocrats with social aspirations.—*London Truth.*

Following the Precedent.

"Cousin Ethel, I want you to be my wife."

"Family history establishes quite another precedent, Henry; my mother was a sister to your father. I think we'll follow the precedent."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. P. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series. for sale by booksellers everywhere.

In An Old Churchyard.

We were just opposite Trinity when the clear tones of the bell reminded us of morning service. Though it was only the warning bell, we could not reach our own church, so we decided to worship here, and went into the old churchyard to idle away the time.

What a pleasant place for reverie is an old churchyard! There no fresh-turned sods tell us of present bereavement. Death seems to belong only to the past and in the distance loses its terrors, the hard cruel features become indistinct, and life see only the mystery and power. The bygone generations, what they did or thought, what they are doing now; the mystery of Life, of Death, Time, Eternity—everything of moment to man is suggested by an old churchyard.

The very tombstones, time-worn and illegible, are monuments to the dead, no longer, but to the change and decay of the whole material universe.

George, who is rather practical (and also a graduate of the School of Practical Science), called my attention to the manner in which the stones decay, and drew learned inferences as to their relative value as building materials. The marble seems to gradually dissolve and the inscriptions soon become indistinct. While the carving on the brown sand stones is as clear cut as if done yesterday, most of these stones are split and cracked and large pieces have fallen away. But the inscriptions on the stones as revealing in some measure the character of the people and their views of life and death, were of greater interest to me.

There are two kinds of epitaphs: the one, composed by a friend, reflecting in ever so imperfect a manner the thoughts of the bereaved; the other, selected by the sorrowing relatives from the large number always kept in stock by reputable marble cutters.

In these—the ready made epitaphs—we have no interest. Like ready-made clothing, they may be more conventional than the home-made, but they have never the same individuality and rarely contain the same solid worth.

As with men so it is with epitaphs; our heart warms more to the quaint and the eccentric. We may laugh at the absurdities of a friend, but we love him all the better for them; for to indulge a whim is the guarantee of friendship—a man never shows his weakness to an enemy. Who, for example, though he may smile, does not feel the more kindly towards the old sea captain of whom it is recorded:

"Farewell and Neptune's waves
Have tossed him to and fro,
But by the mast will of God,
He's anchored here below."

On many of the older stones are rudely carved skulls, crossbones, hourglasses, or human skeletons—as if death were not, in itself, sufficiently subduing without these added horrors. But the death's head rightly belongs to one of these stones—a double one, like an open book, at the top of each page a skull, and nothing to tell the story but this long list of initials:

T. S.
H. S.
D. S.
I. S.
I. S.
S. S.
H. L.
1731.

Were they all of one family? Brothers or sisters? Did they die from disease or from the tomahawk? We thought of the concentrated grief of those left behind, for we have felt how hard it is to lose even one. We have stood beside many a grave, in the trim city cemetery, in the neglected country graveyard, on an old battlefield or on a lonely river bank, just below the rapids, but this the first stone at which the prevailing thought in my mind was the sorrow of the survivors.

The sexton was busily engaged keeping some mischevious boys from plucking the flowers, so we did not ask him to tell us about that now nameless grave, where a plate, set in the slab, bore only the fair name of Innocence betrayed. Where the plate was, three small geraniums breathe forth their purity and sweetness—'tis better than that story. Nor did he tell us whether the corporation were actuated by unselfish patriotism or by opposition to the extension of a street when they erected that monument to the citizens who died in prison during the war of independence.

They were earnest people, those old pioneers. Instead of covering the marble with rhyming eulogies, as is the custom nowadays, they wrote something to make us purer, truer, more devout. Children write on the tomb of their parents: "Honor thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother." "Remember that thou wast begotten, and how canst thou recompense them the things they have done for thee." One of the noblest virtues, and in these days one of the rarest, is true filial piety; and I have no doubt many a child has been taught it at that tombstone. Such an epitaph is much better than one which teaches us nothing, except that "here" rhymes with "dear," and "rest" with "blest."

But our attention is arrested by this singular announcement:

SIDNEY BANNAS
Made by himself.
Ha! Sidney, Sidney,
Lyest thou here?
I here lie,
Till time is flown
To its extremit.

He made it well, too, out of good brown sandstone, and carved an owlish looking cherub on the top of it. A strange fancy, to make his own tombstone, and to publish the fact. We can hardly suppose him of mercenary motives, and yet it does look like advertising his trade. The modern advertising dodges are scarcely less sensational. George wanted to know if he had kept it in his show window until he had occasion to use it—but George is too practical. We allowed we become by familiarity with death, unless our hearts are softened by tears of love or pity. The grave digger in Hamlet made sport of the skulls he threw them out, then why should not a marble cutter make his own tombstone if business is slack? Much better than sitting in idleness, as most of us would have done. And how beautiful is the expression:

"Till Time is flown
To its extremity."

We read on the tomb of a little child:

"Sweet blossom, blasted ere 'twas blown
—but of such is the kingdom of God."

Then we linger beside a modest white marble on which is written:

Here lies
James Marter,
The faithful servant of
Peter Lazarus.
Aged 65 years.

And George murmured, "Of such is the kingdom of God."

It is rare as it is beautiful" to see a faithful servant and a kind and appreciative master. Would one of our greedy manufacturers erect a tombstone to a Knight of Labor? And yet we say our civilization is advancing; so are selfishness, avarice and hatred. If servants were faithful and masters kind, there would be no strikes, no social wars, with their privations, the heart-burnings and malice they engender; but master and man would vie in honest rivalry for which would please the other most, and both would have that happiness which peace alone can give.

Our blood thrills when we think of the brave men who promptly responded to Nelson's signal for "every man to do his duty." Their duty that day was hard, and many of them fell with their great commander, yet they knew the eyes of the nation were on them, and that to flinch in the hour of trial was certain dishonor, and almost as certain death. Is not he as true a hero who, in the humblest walk of life, without the hope of a nation's applause, fighting battles as hard perhaps as Trafalgar, "did his duty."

It is an old saying that the ridiculous is next of kin to the sublime, or, as some one has said, is the sublime gone crazy. It is also true, probably for the same reason, that the more serious the subject, the smaller the joke that will make us laugh. We never judge anything absolutely, but merely relatively, and that is ridiculous which is less sublime, and that comical which is less serious.

Whether from some such cause as this or from an inherent incongruity in the epitaph, I could not repress a smile when I turned to the next stone and read:

"Affliction sore, long time I bore,
Physicians' art was vain,
Till God did please, to give me ease,
And free me from my pain."

There is nothing in the meaning of the words to cause laughter—quite the reverse. The incongruity, if it exist, is in the rhythm and the double rhyme, which though well adapted to a comic poem, are rather too flippant for an elegy. As soon sing Old Hundred to the time of McGinty.

The "Irish-American Patriot" is here as everywhere. We pause for a moment before the grave of one:

"Unseen to mankind's view,
An exile of old Erin true,
His principles were just and good,
And for his country a freedom stood."

I remarked that if he had "stood" it was strange that his bones should be lying here, but George pointed out that it was "his principles", which stood and that his body was as much an "absentee" as any landlord. But enough of the Irish question. We saw few indications of the "mute inglorious Milton," but we were frequently reminded of Gray. We had just finished reading an adaptation of that stanza—

"No further seek their merits to disclose,
Or draw their frailties from their dread abode
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of their Father and their God."

When by a strange coincidence the organ pealed forth the opening notes of the service—and we went into the church.

What pleasant contrast was that the architectural beauty of the interior had not been destroyed by memorial tablets on the walls. Tablets in churches are as obnoxious to me as coffin plates in houses. They are inexcusable except when the dead are buried underneath the pews, and even then their propriety is doubtful. Besides giving the walls the appearance of a bill-board, they divert the attention of the congregation, and visitors especially, from the service. A friend of mine, when a boy, had to sit under a sixty minute sermon every Sunday. It was in the country, the seats were uncushioned, the walls white, neither sight nor sound to wing away the time. Sunday after Sunday he counted the cords in the crimson fringe which hung from the pulpit. He is now one of the best mathematicians in Ontario. Had there been tablets on the walls perhaps history would have been his forte. That is the only good I can see in them—to amuse the children during a prosy sermon. There are, of course, notable exceptions, and no one could wish the single tablet in Trinity church to be placed elsewhere. It is in memory of the rector, who ministered in that parish for fifty-two years, and who was "wise, meek, gentle, kind, sincere, devout."

As we leave the church we pause for a moment at the tomb of the commander of the Chesapeake, who was killed in the famous engagement with the Shannon, so well described in Campbell's reader. On one side is an account of his services to the country which concludes with, "His bravery in action was equalled only by his modesty in triumph and his magnanimity to the vanquished. In private life he was a gentleman of the most endearing qualities; the whole nation mourned his loss, and the enemy contended with his countrymen who should honor him he remains." On the other side "His last words were 'Don't give up the ship.'"

I did not like that word "enemy." It reminded me that though in a country speaking our language, I was not on British soil—that I was a stranger and an alien here. But, I honor the brave soldier, no matter what his flag—and yet, is not the faithful servant as true a hero as he? VAL.

Oh, Fie!

A complaint commonly made against our fashionable girls is that they use slang bordering on actual profanity. A maiden, with brown eyes and a rosy mouth, crept close to a bashful young man at a reception, and said:

"If you'll never let on, I'll tell something."

The young man blushed and promised never to break the confidence reposed in him.

"Well, it's just this," said the girl. "When anything goes very wrong with me I swear."

The young man attempted to observe that swearing, in a pretty young lady, was naughty, but he made a failure of it, and his companion went on talking.

"But girls swear than you think. I just know any quantity of them that are positively shocking when they get provoked. My chum Mignon is really terrible sometimes. I told her the other day that I would have to stop going with her if she didn't refrain from saying bad words. She couldn't miss a car, stub her toe, or burst a button off her glove but she expressed herself most frightfully right before everybody. Now, it isn't nice, is it, for a girl to use swear words? And it really will get to be a regular thing with us if we don't stop. I am already addicted to the habit. Why, I broke the point off my thumb nail to-day, and when I did it I just let out good."

"What did you say?" the bashful young man managed to ask.

"I said 'Oh, devil.'"

The young man blushed a livelier red and asked the poor, forsaken girl if he might get a cup of chocolate for her.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Twice-Told Tale.

Baron de H—is so deaf that even his valet has to write down his replies on a slate. The other day, after a dinner party, the host related an amusing story which kept the table in a roar. Our Baron, who was present, laughed louder than the rest, to disguise his infirmity, and shook his head, as if to say: "Isn't it awfully funny!"

When all was quiet again, he signified by a gesture his intention to speak and said: "I also know a very amusing story."

Whereupon he related the very one the company had just applauded.

An Admirer of Short Sentences.

"Have you anything to say, prisoner, before sentence is passed upon you?" asked the judge.

"No, your honor, except that it takes very little to please me."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Mrs Malaprop at Church.

Mrs. Malaprop sometimes hits the nail on the head. In rained in torrents as she left church Sunday morning without an umbrella.

"How irrigating this is," she ejaculated.—*New York Herald.*

A Limited Knowledge.

Dashaway—Strange things happen. The other night at the Academy they had a prize fight and the next night a Wagner concert.

Cleverton—What incongruity! I suppose they were both crowded, too?

Dashaway—I don't know. I didn't go to the concert.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The English soldiers in the Soudan were supplied with St. Jacobs Oil.

A New Plan.

Youth—I've got some poetry here, I'd like to have you look over.

Editor—Yes, sir. Have you got your license with you?

Youth—My license?

Editor—Yes, your poetic license.

Youth—I didn't know I had to have one.

Editor—We never look over any poetry without first seeing the poet's license. Good-day.

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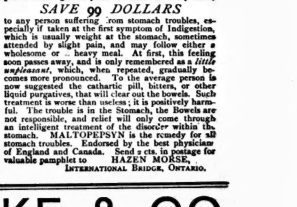

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Every winter and spring Inflammation of the Lungs, induced by neglected Colds and Coughs, causes the death of thousands who might have been saved by the timely use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. ** I was afflicted with a severe Cough, which deprived me of my regular sleep. After trying various remedies, without benefit, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and used it according to directions. I am happy to say that this medicine cured me.—Robert Holliway, Linn, Mo.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for several years, in cases of severe Colds and Throat affections, and have always found it a speedy and effectual remedy for these ailments.—Samuel Bement, Principal Bartlett School, Lowell, Mass.

I cannot say too much in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have used it in my family many years, and always with perfect satisfaction. It never fails.—Mrs. R. F. McKeen, New Gretna, N. J.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy I know of for diseases of the Throat and Lungs. It cured me of incipient Consumption, forty years ago.—S. R. Lawrence, Schuylerville, N. Y.

About three years ago, as the result of a bad Cold, I had a Cough, for which I could obtain no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One bottle of this medicine effected a complete cure.—John Tooley, Ironton, Mich.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and received great benefit from it. I consider it an excellent medicine for the diseases it is designed to cure.—Rufus A. Tremain, Guysborough, N. H.

One bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. It cured me of acute Bronchitis when other remedies failed.—George B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

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The Height of Selfishness.

Officer Schwanenflugel (at home)—Dot Fritzsy vos von hog, Gretchen!
Mrs. Schwanenflugel—So-o-o!
Officer Schwanenflugel—Yaw! Vhen I goes mefor meinfipe, he trinks all der bier, unt only eaves dot mooh for der baby!—*Judge.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Around Town.

Some remarks made by a leading architect of this city not long ago on the modern residence are worthy of attention. He complained of the difficulties men of his profession had to encounter in designing houses, chiefly through their owner's ignorance of the first principles of architectural and decorative art. A man noticed some feature of another man's house which happened to please him. He then insisted on having the same feature on his own house, regardless of its effect on the general design. As a result of this and similar difficulties, houses were being built all over the city which in their designs were as chaotic as the language of Babel. They were covered from foundation to roof with excrescences in the shape of cupolas, turrets, bow windows, dormer windows and various other architectural bric-a-brac. In many of them all grace of design, all symmetry of outline, all that was appropriate and tasteful and in accord with the grammar of form was utterly destroyed, and instead of a graceful and harmonious specimen of legitimate architectural work there remained only a building most described as being of the "ginger-bread" style of architecture. The effects of this pernicious style of building are very apparent. The specimens of pure architecture in Toronto are few, but the "ginger-bread" house is legion, even on our best residential streets. It seems a pity that when men are spending large sums of money in the erection of houses, they should so frequently allow their lack of knowledge to lead them into errors of taste, which not only reflect on themselves, but also, to a certain extent, affect the whole community. Why do men, who would never dream of originating a design for a house, so often imagine themselves more competent than the architect to complete the design? The knowledge of form required to design a building that can rank as an artistic production requires years of study. A man may have the right to build his house as he pleases, but if he has, surely the public has the right to laugh and even sneer at his bad taste. The only course open to the man who wants a fine house and knows nothing of the art of architecture is to select a reputable architect and leave the matter to him as implicitly as he would place his case in the hands of a good lawyer or doctor. By a small sacrifice of personal vanity now, he will thus be enabled to gain during the rest of his lifetime praise for the good taste he did not possess. But the gingerbread house will still continue to rear its turreted and towered head, for almost every man thinks that he knows just what suits him in houses and art or no art, taste or no taste, he will have it.

* * *

Now that affairs connected with the street railways are up for discussion, I think there is an opportunity for the Humane Society to distinguish itself. There is nobody who would not be glad to see an efficient system of electric cars running in this city, for more reasons than one. The wholesale destruction—for it is nothing less—of horses by the street railways is distressing to every man who ever feels sympathy for the noblest animal given to us. Probably the Toronto street car horse is as well cared for as any street car horse, but with the best treatment, there is room for the display of much humanity. Moreover, there is the necessity of a swifter service, and in this all citizens are interested. In the street railway arbitration last week the managers of the Metropolitan street railway testified that since the adoption of electricity as a motor, their business had increased one hundred per cent. These are telling figures, and since the electric car has so many points in its favor, why not relieve the horses and benefit the citizens. It may cost more money, but some additional expense should not interfere with such a bonanza as the Toronto Street Railway.

* * *

Some scoffer has said that a man never knows what hard times are till he has to shave with soft soap. This direct insult to a humble but useful commodity should not be allowed to pass, seeing that it is coming to the front as a factor in labor problems. The advantages of metaphorical soft soap as a weapon have long been well known, and now the railway strikers in Scotland find the genuine article quite as effective when they smear it on the rails to prevent trains from running.

* * *

The great topic of discussion since Tuesday morning has been the forthcoming election. While there had been suspicious indications for some time past that something was going to drop, few people credited the idea that the elections would be sprung on them quite so soon. As it was, the universal breath was taken away with the suddenness of it. From now until the fifth of March the mad struggle will go on and business will stand still. A good feature of this is that the time is short and the demoralization which might extend over four months will be crushed into one. Reading and hearing the different expressions of opinion given out by the public and the press on the subject are somewhat amusing. One idea towers over all, however, and that is that the wily old man has "got the start of the Grits again." The fact of the matter seems to be that the government has avoided a number of difficulties by bringing on the elections now and Sir John has stolen just enough of the Liberal thunder to seriously detract from the effect of their bolt. There will be some fun, however, in seeing the extreme Conservatives who would have nothing smelling of reciprocity in theirs, trying to adapt themselves to the altered circumstances. VAN.

Music.

The Toronto Vocal Society invaded the West End on Thursday evening of last week and repeated its programme of part songs to an audience not at all commensurate to the excellence of the concert. It was the first time that I had been in the West End Y. M. C. A., and I was much pleased with the beauty of the room and its excellent acoustic properties. The horrible weather of the evening probably made the hall more brilliant, as it must have kept many away. As it was the audience was evidently very much pleased with the entertainment, and the society, under Mr. W. Edgar Buck, sang very well after the first chorus had warmed up its enthusiasm. Many numbers were rendered more spontaneously than at the previous concert. Miss Maud Fuller sang several songs with very great taste and was the recipient of a handsome bouquet. Mr. B. L. Faeder played three violin solos in a popular vein, and secured most emphatic applause. He has a good, singing tone and great executive facility. Mr. E. W. Schuch sang two songs, winning recalls for both.

*

Gilbert & Sullivan's Gondoliers which has been played at the Grand Opera House this week, was a disappointment not so much in its matter as in its manner. The company which was announced as one specially authorized by D'Oyley Carte, is very mediocre. The chorus is composed of fourteen ladies and six gentlemen, entirely inadequate for the performance of an opera designed on such large lines as The Gondoliers is. Insufficient rehearsal almost wrecked a chorus in the second act. The voices are strident, the dresses and scenery not fresh. The orchestra of the Opera house, reinforced by that bane of orchestral accompaniment, a piano, gave one no idea of what Sir Arthur's orchestration would be like in its tone color, as most of the work seemed to be assigned to the absent instruments and had to be pounded out upon the long-suffering instrument—and audience. The idea of presenting an important opera with only one first and one second violin must prove offensive to all lovers of proper unity in musical performance.

*

The libretto is distinctly better and more humorous than most of the recent work of these distinguished collaborators, and in its rhyme is beautifully flowing and spontaneous. The music in too many places bears evidence of merely mechanical development, and in many of its harmonies is very simple and trivial, though there are some concerted pieces of more than ordinary excellence. The finales are not as strong as might have been expected from the good libretto and excellent situations. This impression, undoubtedly, may have been strengthened by the terribly weak orchestra. Another point of offence was the interpolation of arias from Italian masters, such as Quella Voce and others. When a Gilbert and Sullivan opera is put on under special authority of their business manager, such a proceeding looks like a confession of weakness, or else like a concession to the sensibilities of performers who have no "fat" in their parts; in either case an uncandid thing to do.

*

It is worthy of note that these interpolated pieces won much more applause than did the regular numbers of the opera. The funny man of the opera introduced the familiar Birdie Has Grown Old, with a variation introducing Johnny Get Your Gun. Truly a fine bit of loyal stage management, worthy of a well-designed variety show. The soloists were none of them of a proper degree of artistic capability. Strident, ill-trained voices, in very poor preservation may have made the opera go in these hard times as a financial venture, but certainly succeeded in producing discontent among the audience. The best vocal efforts were put forth by Mlle. Fatmah Diard as Gianetta, Miss Lottie Gillman as the Duchess of Plaza Toro, and Miss Marie Laurens as Casilda, with a fairly acceptable Giuseppe Saimeri in Mr. Seth M. Crane, who has an excellent patter-song.

*

At a meeting of the Toronto Choral Society held on Tuesday evening of last week, the resignation of Mr. Edward Fisher somewhat surprised the members. Mr. Fisher had not been conducting the rehearsals for a few weeks on account of illness, but he explained that he was now quite recovered and would continue the conductorship with as much pleasure as he always did, but that increased professional duties required so much attention that he could not under those circumstances do justice to the society. Mr. Fisher said that he would always remember the pleasant evenings spent in practising the chorus, and it was with the deepest regret, and that he left with the kindest feelings towards the executive committee, and the society at large. He also wished that the society would long continue, and especially in the financial position it is now in, there not being any liability the treasurer had not funds on hand to liquidate. Mr. Scadding, the president made a few feeling remarks regarding the, resignation of Mr. Fisher, and complimented him in always pulling the society through and for always wanting to see the way out of debt, before they incurred it. The society is losing in Mr. Fisher a very valuable executive officer. Signor D'Auria was elected by acclamation mid loud applause.

*

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, the well-known Hamilton musician, gave a lecture on The History and Development of Musical Instruments before pupils of the Toronto College of Music. The lecturer was introduced in a graceful little speech by Mr. A. S. Vogt of the college staff. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the attendance was not so large as was desirable. However, as Mr. Torrington, when moving the customary vote of thanks, stated that the lecture was of such value as to deserve repetition, the pupils may, perhaps, expect another opportunity of hearing Mr. Aldous, a privilege of which those especially who missed the first occasion, will no doubt take advantage. The lecture was one which comes under the scheme of gratuitous instruction provided by the college for its pupils and wherein a great deal of knowledge is disseminated in addition to the practical studies in which the pupils engage. At the conclusion of the lecture a short musical programme was given. Mrs. Adamson and Miss Adamson played with excellent effect a violin duet, by Kalliwoda. Miss Sarah Burns, a *debutante*, and a pupil of the college, sang most charmingly Robandi's Alla Stella Confeldante. The third and final number was Brahm's Sonata op. 34, 1st movement, for two pianos, which was given by the Misses Clarke and Sullivan, with all the skill and success which so frequently attends the playing of these young ladies in public.

*

Buffalo has at last succeeded in raising its chorus of four hundred voices for the forthcoming May Festival, and Mr. John Lund is now hard at work training them for the production of Masenet's King Rother. A guarantee fund of $60,000 has been subscribed, and the two most popular American sopranos, Miss Clementine De Vere, and Miss Mary Howe have been engaged, together with Mr. W. H. Rieger, the tenor. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Nickisch, will also take part. The dates are May 20 to 23.

The Choral Society and the Symphony Orchestra have joined hands and will, together, give the fourth concert of the orchestral series on Thursday, March 5, when Hoffmann's Melusina and a miscellaneous programme will be performed. METRONOME.

The Drama.

THE Academy of Music is presenting an interesting attraction this week in Steele Mackaye's Money Mad. Although from the pen of the same author, Money Mad is by no means so good a play as Paul Kauvar. But it is evident that it was intended for a different audience. In Paul Kauvar we are shown a romance of the French revolutionary period; in Money Mad a rather sensational story of modern life, and modern life, moreover, in the very unromantic city of Chicago. The theme of the play, as the title denotes, is the craze for gold which affects certain portions of American society in the present day. The moral of it, for it has one clearly pointed, shows the futility of seeking happiness through the medium of wealth. Money Mad, judged as a whole, is uneven. Some of its points touch a high plane, while others sink to the level of the average melodrama. The character of John Murray, the millionaire, whose sole dream is gold, is pretty strongly drawn, but the best touch in the play, to my estimation, is in the character of John Murray, Jr., alias Jack Adams. Jack had been stolen from his millionaire father when a child, and had been reared among gamblers and thieves. His native abilities made him one of the leaders. From the atmosphere in which he lived he had come to believe that his nefarious traffic was quite as honorable as many other kinds of business, which did not come under the ban of the law. The scene where this perversion of intellect is brought out by the refusal of an honest man to save his wife from starvation by engraving a counterfeit plate for Jack Adams, touches dramatic truth and dramatic intensity. The way in which Adams at first regards the honest engraver as a freak and afterwards realizes the fact that he himself had been selling his own hands all his life-time is admirable. Among the good points in this production of Money Mad may be mentioned the scenery and particularly the Clark Street Bridge scene, which is remarkably realistic. Those excellent mechanical adjuncts help the play very materially as it tends strongly in places to cheap sensationalism. The leading players are Charles B. Hanford who plays Jack Adams, J. F. Brien, Stephen Grattan, William Ranous, Ada Chamberlain and Kate Toncray.

*

The most interesting class of show traveling on the "popular" routes is the high-class variety. A poor variety show is one of the most exasperating things that ever wearied the footlights, but a good variety performance is a long ahead of a poorly-acted melodrama. Tact which makes excellence in the show business, as in every other business, is command over the material employed, whatever that may be. When that material happens to be the subtle phases of mental phenomena, the difficulties of perfect mastery are the greatest. When it happens to be material more tangible or more easily subjugated, such as playing popular music, dancing jigs, performing acrobatic feats, etc., a fair degree of perfection is more readily acquired. This is why the average variety performer surpasses the average player. Their material is so much more manageable. I went to Jacobs & Sparrow's the other day to see Reilly & Woods' Vaudevilles, because I remembered that Pat Reilly usually travels with a good company. I was not disappointed. Nearly all his features are excellent. Barber, the bicycle rider, is almost as good as our own Billy Hurst. O'Brien & Redding are very funny in their "insane" piece. Flora Moore is a clever Irish singer and dancer. The Natuskies, Xylophonists, make capital music. The Avolos are a fine acrobatic trio. The trained cats, mice and birds of Leoni Clark are very interesting, and Pat Reilly still makes a good lightning oil painting and heaps of fun in his little comedy, The Mystic Order of Undertakers.

Sarah Bernhardt, in her new representation of Cleopatra, says the London *Spectator*, has departed from the traditional idea of the Queen's physique, and appears with auburn or reddish brown hair. That is probably an innovation in the direction of accuracy, the xanthous type certainly existing, and being highly admired in Greece, but why does not the great actress go a step further? She represents Cleopatra "bronzed," her traditional color, but where is the probability of that? Europeans do not change their color in the East, nor has Egypt blackened the Copts; and Cleopatra was a pure Greek, a descendant of the Heracleidæ (Ptolmy Soter having been a son of Philip), and heiress of a house so anxious for the purity of its blood, that it disregarded the human law against incestuous marriages. The great probability is that she was very like a modern Parisienne, with an eager, mobile face, not beautiful at all in the sculptor's sense, but with a certain magnetic attractiveness intensely felt by Roman nobles like Cæsar and Antony, accustomed to the heavier and more apathetic beauty of their own caste. The Ptolemies were the most cultivated of all the Greek dynasties in the East, and when a line ends in a woman she usually reproduces all its peculiarities.

A few days before Billy O'Brien died crazy he had a singular interview with Edwin Booth. O'Brien had been in the show business in a rough-and-tumble way. It was he who managed several of the six-day pedestrian races, some of the pugilistic events in which Sullivan figured, and other exhibitions of muscular achievement. His dementia developed suddenly, and in the first stages of the mental disease which so speedily killed him no peculiarity of manner or speech was observable. One night he was in a Broadway theater where Booth was an occupant of a proscenium box. After the play Billy joined the great tragedian in the passageway, and politely said: "Mr. Booth, I'm Billy O'Brien, the sporting man. I've got a scheme, and I'll give it to you straight. You want to double up with John L. Sullivan." Here the tragedian ejaculated: "Eh!" Billy continued: "There's big money in it. You'll play Orlando in As You Like It, and Sullivan, he'll play the wrestler. See! What the eminent actor saw may have been a vision of himself in a wrestling match with the great slugger, and aside from any purely artistic damage which he might suffer from a "doubling up" with John L., the probability of more material harm may have arisen vividly in his mind. He glanced at Billy amusedly and passed on. The demented sporting man died with the scheme of a Booth-Sullivan combination in his muddled mind.

Art and Artists.

MEISSONIER.

One of the great Frenchmen died last Saturday, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier was born in Lyons in 1815. The first picture he exhibited in 1834, *Les Bourgeois Flamands*, sold for $20. In May, 1884, an exhibition of a hundred of his own paintings was given in Paris in honor of the anniversary of this first exhibition. At that time he had painted four hundred and twenty pictures for which he had received $100,000. In the early days of his art career Meissonier was very poor. He spent his last years in a house that cost him about $500,000. It is said that when Meissonier first began work in Paris he united with Steinbel, Geoffrey-Dechaume, Trimolet and Daubigny to form a brotherhood by which each had a year to devote to fine art work while the rest labored on pot-boilers to support themselves, and the one doing work for fame. His manner of work was notable. His pictures are small and worked out in the minutest detail. No labor was too great for him to accomplish his end. Personally, Meissonier was unpopular. He was small in stature, had a swagger in his walk, his eyes were ever moving and of ferocious appearance, and he was obstinate and petulant. His picture, 1814, recently brought the enormous sum of $170,000.

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At the meeting of the Canadian Institute last Saturday the feature of the evening was a paper on Canadian Art of To-Day, read by Mr. J. W. L. Forster. In this paper Mr. Forster gave a short history of the Art of Canada and the Canadians who had achieved success both at home and abroad. Among the latter he mentioned the Smillie brothers, Leclear, Woodward, Sandham, Fraser, Rattray, Glazebrook, Shannon and Peel. The artist pioneers he enumerated—men who had immigrated to Canada from foreign countries—were Bull, Hoppner, Meyer, Paul Kane, Hamel, Krieghoff, Wandsworth, Westmacott, March, Hunt, Gush, Sawyer, Fowler, Creswell, and Berthon. Nearly all of these are now gone and with them their style of work and the taste for it. The first art society in Upper Canada was formed in 1841, but did not long exist. This was followed by the Electoral Division Society, which did a little to encourage art. This was succeeded again by the Agricultural and Arts Association, which for a number of years took art under its wing. In 1871 the Art Association of Montreal was formed and two years later the Ontario Society of Artists. In 1880 the Marquis of Lorne established the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. Mr. Forster referred to the influence of the Old World on Canadian artists, both on account of the large foreign element in the artist body and the influence of European schools on native Canadians. In conclusion he referred to the value to art of a healthy national sentiment and the establishment of art schools. An interesting discussion followed the reading of the paper.

No Chance.

"Sh—h—h, child! Young people should be silent when older people are talking," said a fond mother to her hopeful who was talking much and loud to the amusement of elderly persons. "Then when shall young people talk, mamma? Old people are never silent," was the reply of the cherub.

The Central Figure.

"If only you were in New York," said Miss Flypoe to Cholly, "you would be a central figure in the four hundred." It was three days—three blissful days—before it dawned on Cholly a mind that the central figure in 400 is a cipher.

The Snowshoer.

For Saturday Night.

There's an open plain to southward
Heaped up with a crusty snow,
Drift on drift where the gales uplift
And toss o'er the flats below,
Where the sun flings down his jewelled crown
And the ice fields thieve its glow.

There's a figure lithe and stalwart
That comes o'er the slopes alone,
He tramps along with a step made strong
By muscle, and brain, and bone,
Robust his form, and his heart as warm
As lights from a ruby thrown.

There's a pathway onward stretching
From him to the sun s'set
It lies and gleams like a thing in dreams,
Unmarred by his snowshoe yet,
Turn where he may, there lies the way
Of gold for his feet to fret.

There's a long, long track behind him,
Fields lie to the fore unpressed,
He marks his way by the sun's clear ray
And follows it with a zest,
The phantom glows o'er the roadless snows,
'Twixt him to the yellow west.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

My Child.

For Saturday Night.

The Lord has given unto my care
A little child, so sweet, so fair,
With smiling eyes and sunny hair,
That fondest love is here.

Her gay, bright laughter fills my home,
Her sweet child's prattle seems to come
Like light to one who sits alone
And longs for break of day.

Or like as if far off were heard
The singing of some sweet-voiced bird,
Making the heart again be stirred
By feelings long thought dead.

Guiding from one hot, dusty way,
And desert places where they stray,
The feet, that else had lost their way,
To fairest groves of peace.

Ah, darling! with the shining eyes
And tender lips and speeches wise
Thou surely camest from Paradise,
And with thee brought its light. A. A.

At the Feast.

For Saturday Night.

The guests are come, the feast is spread,
Gay revelry doth claim the hour;
Soft lights around their lustre shed
And music wields its magic power.
But seemeth is, at second glance
The merriment appareeth forced,
Though loudly rings the laugh, perchance,
And brightest are the strains discoursed.
Who is the chosen guest to-night?
The one for whom the feast is made?
Behold him there, so rich bedight!
What deference to him is paid!
Behold him in the honored place!
But, do you mark how still he sits?
No muscle changes in his face,
No answering smile across it flits.
How fixed his eye! he wears a mask!—
Earth's revelry for him hath ceased.
Ye know him not, no need to ask—
"The Death's Head at the Feast."

* * *

An ancient Scythian custom this
Unknown to us, that may at least;
Though still we entertain, I wis
Our death's heads at the feast.

CARRIE LOUISE MORRISON

Macaronic.

The *Journal of Education* commends this ingenious poem, written in five languages—English, French, German, Greek and Latin—as one of the best specimens of Macaronic verse in existence and worthy of preservation by all collectors.

In tempus old a hero lived,
Qui loved puellas deux:
Ha ne pouvait pas quite to say
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-meme un beau matin,
"Non pas sum both avec,
Sed si address Amanda Ann,
Then Kate and I have war.

Amanda habet argent coin,
Sed Kate has aureas curls;
Et both sunt very agathae
Et quite formosae girls."

Enfin the youthful anthropos,
Philoun the duo maids.
Resolved proposare ad Kate
Devant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo
Il trouve Amanda there,
Kai quite forgot his late resolves,
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling on the new tapis,
Between puellas twain,
Coepit to tell his love a Kate
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon
At fair Amanda's eyes,
Illes non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow,
With cheeks as rouge as beet,
And off'ring each a milk-white hand,
Both whispered, "Ich bin dein."

Forebodings.

When Woman's Rights have come to stay,
Oh, who will rock the cradle?
When wives are at the polls all day
Oh, who will rock the cradle?
When Doctor Mamma's making pills,
When Merchant Mamma's selling bills,
Of course 'twill cure all woman's ills,
But who will rock the cradle?

When mamma to the court has bled,
Oh, who will rock the cradle?
She has a case that must be tried,
But who will rock the cradle?
When Captain Mamma walks her decks,
When Banker Mamma signs her checks,
When all our girls have lost their sex,
Must
PAPA
Rock
The cradle?

Maybe Land.

Beyond where the marshes are dank and wide
Is a ladder of red and gold,
Where the sun has sunk in the shifting tide
Of the clouds that the night elves mould.
It leads to the portals of Maybe Land,
Whose castles and groves we see,
On a vapor bank o'er the mists expand,
To darken the wind-swept sea.

'Tis there that our wishes are all made true,
Where frowns may not mar the brow,
Where storms never mutter the whole year through
Where Then is transformed to Now,
And only the dreamer who idly hales
With a pencil and brush in hand,
Can travel the path to the mystic vanlts,
And the treasures of Maybe Land.

Noted People.

The Paris *Figaro* calls Dr. Koch "the Hunter of the Bacillus."

Princess Beatrice prefers to be addressed as Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Lord Lytton, better known as Owen Meredith, is the present British ambassador in Paris.

One of the most popular men in Russia, fast outstripping Count Tolstoi for the premier place, is Father Ivan of Cronstadt.

Florence Marryatt is said to dress with exceedingly bad taste. Her gowns are continually quarreling in color-language with her highly tinted complexion.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, whose little poem, Our Own, has brought good resolves to many a hasty-tempered reader, is a tall woman with pretty pink cheeks, white hair and a bright, cheery face.

W. Clark Russell, whose sea stories have such remarkable dash, breeziness, and out of-door freedom, has long been a hopeless and well-nigh helpless invalid, chained to an indoor existence in an inland town.

Mrs. Rider Haggard, like Mrs. Stanley, complains that American women keep their houses too warm. When the thermometer reaches 70° in a drawing-room it gives her a headache, and even a temperature of 65° she considers too warm for comfort.

Ernest Renan, the French religious historian and critic, has a cosy little home in Brittany. His bearing is that of a kindly and dignified gentleman, his kindness of heart a well known fact, and his personality striking because of his tall, generous figure and long hair.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's new book of verse has just appeared in Indianapolis. It is a collection of poems relating to children, and is prefaced by an interesting portrait of the author, holding on his knee the fat little nephew to whom the book is dedicated.

It is told of Mme. de Stael that she was never seen in company without a sprig of laurel in her fingers, which she twisted and plucked as she conversed. Even at table, with her guests around, her butler knew to place a bit beside her plate. This was hardly an affectation; it was probably a relief to the pressure of nerve strain.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is the daughter of a country doctor and was reared within sight of the sea and not far from the Isles of Shoals. She is not generally regarded as beautiful, but has a remarkably interesting face and a charming personality. She writes stories of life by the sea from her own experience and the observations of years.

Chicago considered Stanley one of the worst speakers that ever made a good speech. He appeared ill at ease in evening dress, and rather shy and self-conscious. His gestures were few and ungraceful, he slurred and mispronounced his words, and it was only when he occasionally forgot himself that he showed a little of the fire of eloquence.

The rumor, which at one time was contradicted, to the effect that Mrs. Ayer, an American lady and the widow of one of the most successful of patent medicine proprietors, was engaged to be married to a Prince Dolgorouki, brother of the widow of Alexander II., is again circulated in Paris, and this time it has not been contradicted. Needless to say, Mrs. Ayer is "rolling in wealth," which will in some degree explain the attentions of the Prince.

Oscar Wilde has deserted the æsthetic movement so completely that he now looks more like the ideal of a Farmers' Alliance candidate than anything else. He wears his hair in straggly locks, is not particularly neat in the details of his attire, and has grown fat to a point beyond the grotesque. An American publisher who called upon him less than three weeks ago says that he has become conventionally more agreeable as a companion and an entertainer. He is big, logy, and heavy, but the accumulation of weight is giving him great pleasure, and he has gotten over his posing and poetical figure of speech.

Bryant's advice to a young contributor, than which the London *Athenæum* says "sounder on the same subject was never penned," is worth starting on a new round of usefulness. "I observe," wrote he, "that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think if you will study the English language that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I have found a better one in my own language. Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do as well. Call a spade by its name and not a well-known instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home and not a residence; a place, not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you will always lose by a long one.

Some pleasant reminiscences of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes are given by Mr. L. F. Austin in the *New Review*, apropos of Over the Teacups: "Don't ask me how I am," said Dr. Holmes a year or two ago. "It is a dangerous thing to show a sympathetic interest in my health, as if you thought I must die because I am old." "Heaven forbid!" said I. "Well, young people make that mistake sometimes, to their cost," he proceeded, with a twinkle in his eye. "They write to me like this; 'Dear Dr. Holmes, as in the ordinary course of nature you cannot live much longer, please send me your autograph by return of post.' What happens? Why, they die before the year is out. So when I see a young man approaching with my health plainly in his mind, I say, 'Not a word on that subject, my young friend, it is a bad omen—for you.'" And he laughed with the glee of five-and-twenty! "Then," continues Mr. Austin, "he took me to the window and said, 'From this point I can count nine townships. A San Francisco man called the other day, and I told him this, and he went home and wrote in a paper that Dr. Holmes was certainly failing fast, for he imagined he could see nine towns from his window, when of course he meant steeples.' 'Atrocious!' I exclaimed. 'And is he dead, too?'"

The Domestic Purse Strings.

The effect on the unborn child of certain emotions experienced by the mother can no longer be relegated to the vagaries of old wives' tales, since scientists are everywhere establishing its truth. If the mother has a strong temptation to steal, even though she does not do so, the child's force of resistance may be so weak as to give way before the temptation. If the mother does actually commit theft, the child, unless the resisting powers are unusually developed, will be still more likely to be a thief. The polite term is "kleptomania," but as this is regulated by the social condition of the offender, it is not used in a plain statement of the facts. A lady in good standing saw her son led off to serve a sentence in prison. As she turned sorrowfully away, she said to a friend: "Before he was born, I wanted a little embroidered blanket that especially pleased me. I knew we could very well afford it, but my husband thought otherwise. I could not get over thinking of it, though, and one night I took the money from his pockets and bought it. Just as soon as my boy began to take things that did not belong to him, I knew, O God!—with a burst of sobs—I knew what I had done." It is, perhaps, unnecessary to cite further instances of this sort. The papers are full of stories of women who get their milliners to send in a bill of forty dollars instead of thirty, the real price, in order to take the extra ten to themselves; of those who overtax their tired eyes and exhausted bodies by taking in sewing without their husbands' knowledge; and of the farmers' wives who smuggle apples and eggs into town in order to get a few dollars that they can call their own. What are the facts to be deduced from all this? First, that this system of regarding the wife as financially and morally irresponsible is a serious evil, to be looked squarely in the face and honestly dealt with. The mother who is obliged to lie and steal in order to possess any money of her own, will, in all probability, be the mother of criminals. They may never see the interior of a prison, but they will be criminals in their dealings with their fellow men. At the best, they will have very vague ideas of moral responsibility. The woman who has no knowledge of her husband's financial interests; who, instead of being his confidential partner, is his pensioner, will, if she gets the opportunity, in nine cases out of ten, ruin him through her ignorance. A vague, unknown pile of money, from which you can filch by wheedling or cheating, is so shadowy in its outlines as to be well-nigh inexhaustible. Like a corporation, it has no soul, and is to be taken advantage of as much as possible. If the widow of a man who has treated her as a totally irresponsible being is left penniless, perhaps with children to support, she becomes, in many instances, an object of charity. In some cases she develops unusual business abilities, but she has to starve herself and her children while she is rectifying mistakes, and learning by experience certain things which should have been a part of her daily life as soon as she became a wife. Young women who are self-reliant and earn good salaries often shrink from marriage, because they cannot bear to be so dependent. There ought to be no grounds for this fear; and with many delicate-minded, broad-souled, deep-thinking men there are none, because, to such a man, the wife is an equal sharer in all things, in his purse as well as in his heart. Still, one cannot blame independent women for hesitating before they take a leap in the dark. The methods employed by women in raising money for churches and charities are continually the subject of satire and condemnation by the other sex. Why will they persist in these methods? The better to illustrate, it is necessary once more to employ anecdote. "Why in the world will women go on getting up these tiresome church fairs and festivals?" asked a gentleman a short time since. "They use up valuable time and wear themselves out in making things, and then they go and buy the same things back. Why do they not just put their names down for a certain amount of money and let it go at that?" If this gentleman had been at the sewing society the next day, he might have heard the answer to his question. His wife pledged herself to furnish for the coming festival a certain number of tea biscuits, a large cake, several pounds of coffee, and other articles. "You know," she said to a friend, "one can send these things out of the house just as well as not, but if I were to ask my husband to give the money he might open his eyes a little." This sentiment was the underlying reason why nearly every woman there pledged provisions and cooked dishes instead of money. When the time came, their lords could do nothing less than to come down to the church parlors, take supper, and pay for the coffee, chicken salad, and cake which had come out of their own larders. Each one paid five or six times the value of his supper in the provisions furnished, and gave his wife's time and energies into the bargain. But he was still blissfully unconscious of how much he contributed to that church debt. "But I would rather be deceived than bullied by my wife," said a gentleman the other day. It would seem that when either course is necessary the financial part of our marriage customs needs reform. What is the remedy? One method would be the granting to the wife of a stated weekly or monthly allowance, for the household and other uses, in proportion to the income of the husband. To the man who says, "But I cannot pay my wife like a servant," the answer must be, certainly not. She is a partner, and as such is entitled to a share in the dividends. To the end that she may make the best use of such moneys, she should know what she is to expect each week. Undoubtedly the ideal remedy is perfect trust, confidence, and a higher moral development, for both men and women; but while mankind is moving steadily on to this, the weaker must not be always going to the wall, for the lack of a protecting hand. No woman ought to marry without having some understanding with her future husband on this point. She need not take pencil and paper and make him set down the exact figures of her weekly allowance, but should let him thoroughly understand that she expects one. Any young girl should beware of the man who considers women irresponsible creatures; for no matter how tender and considerate the master may be, no enlightened human being is happy as a slave. If she has enough to eat, to drink, and to wear, her soul will be dwarfed till not enough is left to pay for the saving; or else, if she be like Nora in the Doll's House, some day she will rise up and say, "I must go away and find myself."—*Alice E. Ives in the Forum.*

'Varsity Chat.

The recently established fellowship in the department of Modern Languages has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Geo. H. Needler, B.A., (Tor.) and Ph.D. (Leipsic). Mr. Needler's scholarship is unquestionable, as he was an honor man both at the 'Varsity and at the German institution where he took his post-graduate course.

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At the Y.M.C.A. convention for the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, now being held at Kingston, our representatives are Messrs. H. B. Fraser, B.A., N. I. Perry, J. W. Wheaton, R. H. Glover and J. A. Dow.

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During this week Canadian subjects have received considerable attention. On Thursday afternoon the members of the Y. M. C. A. listened to addresses by Messrs. W. Gald, B.A., E. A. Harrison and H. C. Alywin, on Our Canadian North-West. The subject was treated from the Christian missionary standpoint. The speeches were practical, and the need of missionaries in that great field was clearly pointed out. A large number of 'Varsity men labor there during the summer months in connection with the various churches.

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Monday evening Canadian Literature was the topic at a good meeting of the Modern Language Club. Prof. Alexander presided and a pleasant feature of the evening was the music furnished by Miss Keys, Miss F. V. Keys and Mr. C. N. Munro of the 'Varsity, and Messrs. J. Cross, E. Norman, G. Leehy and J. A. Keay of McMaster Hall. Mr. W. A. Phillips read an essay. Dr. Rand of McMaster University spoke for half an hour in a simple and impressive manner of the poet, Charles G. D. Roberts and his writings. There are yet some wise men in the east.

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The following story at the expense of two college students is going the rounds: Two devoted chums boarded a street car when only one seat, close to the door, was vacant. To the amusement of the spectators, each eloquently but vainly endeavored to persuade the other to accept the vacant place. Finally they decided to toss up a penny to settle the matter, stipulating that the loser should sit down and hold the other in his lap. With student-like deliberation they carried out the plan, and after the toss-up both calmly sat down on the single seat. Soon the car stopped, and at the door appeared a handsome young woman. Instantly the man who had won the tossing contest of a moment before saw his opportunity and made the most of it.

"Won't you please to accept my seat?" he said softly in his most polite manner to the maiden, gracefully uncovering his head and slowly rising.

"I thank you," said the young woman, blushing, and apparently pleased by the student's marked attention, she proceeded to take the seat.

The other college man had been absorbed in thought, and so quickly and quietly was the action taken that he had not realized his companion's joke until he found the young lady innocently attempting to appropriate the place in his lap. Then with a suave "and take mine, too," that startled and at first nonplused the third party to the joke, he darted from his seat just in time to save the young lady from complete embarrassment. Among those who seemed most highly amused by the joke, however, was she who unconsciously had participated in it.

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The shade of the Mufti hovered about residence on Thursday night of last week and guarded the feasting seniors from the wrath of the freshmen who were not allowed to be present in the banqueting hall. Mr. I. R. Carling, '91, was the chief director at the spread, and Mr. W. Cowie, '92, his lieutenant. A large number of former residers were present and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

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Dr. E. H. Adams of the class of '90 has been appointed assistant physician at the Winyah Sanitarium, Asheville, N. C. DRAX ALEEN.

Making Postage Stamps.

Scarcely any manufactured article is more universally used than the postage stamp. Some of the longest and most bitterly contested lawsuits have arisen in relation to patents employed in the manufacture of stamps, and an immense amount of ingenuity has been expended in bringing the art of printing them rapidly and cheaply to the present perfection. Postage stamps are used in nearly all civilized countries, but almost all are manufactured either in London, Paris or New York. The entire American Continent, some European States and many of the South Sea islands are supplied with stamps from New York, and the whole supply of the United States Government is manufactured by the American Bank Note Co., of that place. The Government itself on more than one occasion made estimates of the cost of manufacturing its own stamps, but when compared with the bids made by the bank note company the cost was found to be excessive, and the contract had been retained by the bank note company. The first step in the manufacture of stamps is to make the die. The device, which has generally been the head of some distinguished public man, is settled upon by the Government, and the drawings made. The service of the engraver is next required. An engraving in deep intaglio is made upon steel, which has been softened by a peculiar process of decarbonization. The device is cut and afterward the border, which is a more or less complicated scroll. The steel is then hardened by recarbonization, and the intaglio, technically known as the female die, is ready for use. The next step is to make the upper die, known as the male die or punch. A cube of soft steel is pressed by a hydraulic ram upon the intaglio engraving, and after it has been forced into all the depressions is slightly touched up with the graver. A cameo counterpart of the intaglio is thus formed, and from these the sheet is made up by pressing the hardened steel upon the softer metal. The discovery of the process of softening the steel for working and hardening it for use greatly simplified the task of printing stamps, as formerly but one pair of dies were used, owing to the cost of engraving, and the practical impossibility of making by hand a number of exactly similar devices, and the process of printing stamps was therefore a very slow and expensive one. The dies are arranged in a press, each press producing a sheet of two hundred stamps. When this sheet is ready for issue it is torn in two, the stamps furnished to postmasters coming in half sheets. The paper is supplied by the Government daily on requisition from the manufacturer, a careful record being kept of the amount of the issue, and the company must return the full number of stamped sheets that have been issued unstamped. The sheets are placed in the press, and by an ingenious device are fed to the dies and counted. The paper rests upon the female die, which alone is inked, the punch coming down upon it, and pressing the paper upon the inked surface. The printing is true steel engraving, the process being exactly opposite from that employed in printing from type, the lower surfaces receiving the deep color and the upper one being light. All American stamps are printed in one color, but in the English stamps two are used. A peculiar invention, the patent right to which led to much litigation, is employed in giving the two colors. The next step is to gum the stamped sheets. This was formerly done by hand, large brushes being used, but a more effective method has been devised by which a roller is passed over the sheets by machinery, applying the gum evenly over the entire surface. Great care is taken in the preparation of this glue, as it is necessary to give the sheets a coating that will not become soft and sticky through exposure to a moist atmosphere, and which will still be sufficiently adhesive to prevent the possibility of the stamps becoming detached from the letters to which they are affixed. An entire issue of three-cent stamps, those printed in blue, and bearing a figure of a locomotive, had to be retired because of the imperfection of the gummed surface. The cost to the Government amounted to tens of thousands of dollars, and the inconvenience to the public was extreme, as the stamps frequently failed to adhere, and the letters were not sent to their destination. After the process of gumming is completed the sheets are placed upon racks, and dried by being passed over a series of steam pipes. The last step in the manufacture is to punch the holes dividing one stamp from another. This seems simple enough, but as a matter of fact the invention of a means by which single stamps could be separated from a sheet gave more trouble than any other process in their manufacture, and occasioned a lawsuit that lasted many years. Men scarcely beyond middle life can remember the trouble and annoyance occasioned by the old-fashioned sheets, which were without perforation or division of any kind. A regular part of the equipment of every office and every house was a tin ruler and a pair of shears to cut stamps from the sheet. The inconvenience of such a process is evident. About 1845 the English Government offered a reward for any device by which the stamps could be printed so as to be easily divided from the sheet. A series of knives or lances cutting through the space between the stamps was first tried, but proved highly unsatisfactory. The stamps were liable to tear, and the knives almost immediately became so blunted as to be practically useless. A mechanic named Archer then presented a device consisting of a number of hollow punches, with sharp edges, which would perforate the sheets at short intervals. This was tried and pronounced ineffective. The post office authorities declared that the paper soon clogged the machine and rendered it useless. It was neglected for a time, but finally one or two improvements were introduced, and a defect in the paper furnished, arising from its unequal thickness, was remedied. The perforating machine was then found to operate perfectly, and is now in use all over the world. Archer had a long lawsuit with the postal authorities, which after many years was decided in his favor, and he received a large sum as a compensation for the use of his apparatus. In perforating stamps for use in this country, the gummed and dried sheets are piled up fifty thick, and placed under a heavy piece of machinery provided with many hundred punches so arranged as to pierce the spaces between the stamps. The sheets are run through lengthwise, and afterward changed in position, and the cross perforations made. They are then ready for issue. Each sheet is divided into two equal parts, and the stamps are delivered to the Government. The postmaster-general issues them on the requisition of the various postmasters.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A Suppressor of Vice.

Nanny—Ain't you ashamed of yourself—taking in a poster of this description?
Billy—You wrong me. I'm just getting it out of the way, in the interests of public morality. *Judge.*

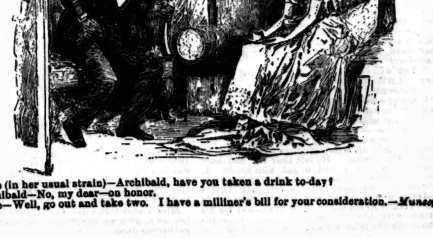
A Temporary Postponement.

Mr. Ferguson—Ec—Miss Sweetly—Clara—there is a question I have long been wanting to ask——
A Loud Whisper—Hold on a minute, Boss; I'm gittin' off at de nex' corner, an' I don't wanter hear nothin' that ain't intended for me. —*Puck.*

At the Literary Reception.

"Who is the gentleman with the peculiarly developed jaw?"
"Oh, that is Mr. Punjab, most remarkable man; reads Kipling in the original—pronounces all the Indian names, you know."

A Surprise.



Wife (in her usual strain)—Archibald, have you taken a drink to-day?
Archibald—No, my dear—on honor.
Wife—Well, go out and take two. I have a milliner's bill for your consideration.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

MRS. MUSGRAVE'S MISSION.

Meantime Mrs. Musgrave, who had planned and plotted and earnestly longed to remove Cedric from her path, was not enjoying the fruits of her diplomacy with quite the ease of mind that she had anticipated.

She was a woman of decided force of character, and was not fond of working in the dark; yet since she had stooped to allow herself to be made the tool of her kinsman, Mr. Vansittart, she had been doing this to an extent that was most distasteful to herself, and she was not sure, even now, that she was certain to reap the reward of her treachery.

Her husband's state of mind was very strange, so strange indeed that she was sometimes quite uneasy about him. There were days when he would not suffer Cedric's name to be mentioned in his presence, when he would inveigh fiercely against the son who had brought disgrace upon his house and ruin on himself, when he declared that he would himself hunt him down and deliver him over to the hand of justice. But there were other and softer moods to which he was subject, and when these came over him he would declare that his son had been foully wronged—that he was the victim of some diabolical plot, and that some day he would come back and clear himself before all the world; and when he spoke thus Mrs. Musgrave's heart sank with a presentiment of coming ill, for she was not without misgivings of this kind herself, and knew well that should they be verified—farewell to all her bright hopes for the future of her son.

Therefore her whole soul was concentrated upon one object, namely, that of getting her husband to draw up a will in Jock's favor before any untoward accident should have occurred. Not that Mrs. Musgrave really believed that Cedric could ever return to prove his innocence; but she terribly feared that her own complicity in the matter of the tragedy might by some unforeseen accident come to his ears, in which case, farewell to all her schemes of aggrandisement either for herself or (as she thought) for her children.

"Strike while the iron is hot," was a motto often in Mrs. Musgrave's mind just now, and one upon which she resolved to act without needless delay, although she knew that the subject of the disposition of his property was one upon which her husband was particularly sensitive.

Her way was paved, however, by finding him one day with his will spread out on the library table before him, while he with many heavy sighs, read it over, and muttered incoherent expressions of anger and regret.

His wife came and looked over his shoulder, echoing his sigh with every appearance of a true and genuine regret.

"Ah, Charles, it is a sad, sad business; no wonder it distresses you. But the sooner it is over and done with the better it will be. You will do wisely to get it off your mind early, and then we will try to put the whole painful business aside."

"What do you mean?" he asked, sharply, looking up with haggard eyes. "Get what business over and done with?"

"Why, the drawing up of a new will. It is a very painful thing to do, as I am well aware, but indeed the longer the duty is postponed the more painful it will become."

"Duty! Duty to disinherit my own son and heir! So that is your idea of a father's duty, is it, madam?"

"Alas, Charles! poor Cedric has disinherited himself. The wealth and property you would have handed to him he has forfeited by his own rash act. He has done the deed—it is none of yours. All that is left to you is to secure the possession to your second son, that Musgrave Towers may be adequately kept up in its traditional splendor when we shall no longer be there to see."

She had touched him on a sensitive point. Mr. Musgrave's pride in his splendid palace and the fine estate that surrounded it had long been a ruling passion. So resolved had he been to hand it down to his son in the same magnificence that he had received it from his father, that he had been disposed to make but inadequate provision for his wife and younger children in order to leave his enormous fortune to keep up the splendor of the landed estate.

Mrs. Musgrave's marriage settlement only secured to her five hundred a year, nor were any large sums left to her or her children in the will now spread out before her eyes. She read its terms with deep indignation, but her manner was gentle and persuasive as she continued to speak.

"Let me help you, Charles. In a painful matter of this kind there is no need to call in professional aid. I will simply copy this deed, inserting Jocelyn's name in place of Cedric's, and your signature properly witnessed will clinch the matter. Believe me, it is best to make the effort once and for all. I know it is hard—I feel for you deeply; but it will not be less hard for delay."

Mr. Musgrave sighed, wavered, but did not dispute the point. The strength of the iron hand in the velvet glove made itself felt. He resigned his seat to his wife and moved uneasily about the room, muttering to himself as he had a habit of doing, whilst her pen moved swiftly and steadily over the sheet of foolscap before her.

"Suppose Cedric should come back and prove his innocence?" he asked once.

"Then you can undo what you have done; but you know, Charles, such an idea is purely chimerical. His guilt was proved only too clearly. If he ever should come back it can only be to bring a heavier shame on all who bear his name."

This hint roused Mr. Musgrave to one of those fits of ire which alternated with his softer moods, and, whilst he raved at the son who was an open disgrace to all connected with him, she quietly finished her task, and then with a mournful sigh sat down to receive look at her husband, who made no opposition to the act, she placed upon the glowing hearth the will in Cedric's favor, and watched till it was consumed and the blackened ashes had floated up the chimney.

Mrs. Musgrave knew too well her husband's varying moods to allow grass to grow under her feet. She made him read over the document, pointing out two alterations made (rebilling the value of the legacy to herself and Marjorie, to which he made no objection), and then she called in two of the servants, who witnessed their master's signature.

The deed was done. Jock was made his father's heir. She stood with the document in her hand, her heart swelling with pride and satisfaction.

"You will let it go to Debenham and Debenham; it will be safer there than here."

"Nonsense! leave it alone," he said testily. "I always keep my will in my own safe. I want it for reference sometimes."

"Let me make you a copy."

"Copy be—!" When Mr. Musgrave was irritated he was not nice in his language, and something in his wife's manner fretted him, he hardly knew why. He felt that she had been right in what she had urged him to do. It would have been a scandal under present circumstances to leave all his property to his eldest son—a vagrant and outlaw, who could only return to his native land to answer for his crime with his life—or at least to take his chance in the felon's dock. Yet it went against him to cut Cedric's name out as if he had not been a child of his, and though he did what was required of him, almost relieved that some power will took the lead, he was none the less half ashamed of the act now that it was done.

"I won't have it taken away!" he said almost fiercely. "You have it there. Where is the other no one you had to copy from? I should like to have them both by me."

Mrs. Musgrave felt sincerely glad that it had been destroyed whilst he was in a more reasonable mood.

"Why, Charles, it is burnt! Don't you remember you saw me put it into the fire?"

"Burnt it! Burnt it! Upon my word, you make very free with my papers, madam! I didn't want it burnt. I wanted to keep both by me. I—I don't like to be dictated to in this way."

He spoke in an uncertain, irritable way, that was by no means uncommon with him now, and he looked at the new document rather as if he would like to have tossed it upon the fire too. But his wife managed him with a good deal of tact and skill, and by-and-bye had the satisfaction of getting him to lock it up in the iron safe with other valuable documents, once locked she felt it would be pretty secure. Most likely her husband would soon cease thinking of the matter, and very likely forget the whole circumstance. His mind was rapidly failing, of that Mrs. Musgrave was satisfied; and with a little smile of satisfaction she said to herself:

"It is a good thing that is so well done, and done now. A few weeks later, perhaps, there might be some dispute as to his mental state; for I don't think he can know how changed he is. Poor Charles! Well, troubles of some kind come to all in time. If it is not one thing it must be another. I will go to Jock's favor before any untoward accident should have occurred. Not that Mrs. Musgrave really believed that Cedric could ever return to prove his innocence; but she terribly feared that her own complicity in the matter of the tragedy might by some unforeseen accident come to his ears, in which case, farewell to all her schemes of aggrandisement either for herself or (as she thought) for her children.

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"Because if you did you sent him to his death—his blood will be upon your head!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A CRISIS.

Mr. Vansittart completed his work of securing the trap door with strong nails and screws, and then regarded the result of his labors with something of artistic satisfaction.

"I think no one will be able to reach you now, my very determined young friend," he said in audible soliloquy. "Those nails will not be moved without such a noise as will effectually arouse me if I am within hearing which I will take care to be for pretty well the next eight and forty hours. At the end of that time I shall get all I want out of him, and then—why then I care nothing at all how matters shall follow. Shipped off to the backwoods of America!—that does very well for the tender-hearted step mother; but I want to send him a longer journey than that. He knows too much to be at large again. Well it will be easily done when once his value is gone; and Pauline said Corona was more impatient than she expected. Doubt and disappointment are working, and she is learning to submit. Once let me have a genuine farewell from her lover to show her, poor child, that he has sense in double quick time," he smiled as he thought what the next scene in the drama might be but still stood looked at the nailed down trap, as if not entirely satisfied even now.

"Safe enough in all conscience; yet I should like to know which of them it is that has tried to circumvent me. Drake, my good fellow, if it should prove to be you, you shall live to regret that you ever thought to oppose my will. As for you, Pauline, I can soon silence you. It is a great thing to be the idol of a woman's heart, for I know I am safe enough there, and reduce her to such humble subservience. I can hardly believe it of Pauline, yet it is just possible. Most women are caught by a handsome face."

He stood still musing.

"The simplest plan will be just to keep watch. Whoever it is, acts so cautiously and skilfully that I should have suspected nothing had it been possible for that young giant to live and thrive as he does under my roof without I allow him. But I am not accustomed to being beaten with my own weapons. It will be odd if I, my sister, or my servant outwit me in the end."

And with that he retired slowly and silently: appeared at the table as usual, with his customary blandness and gentleness; but retired later to his study, and was no more seen.

Corona, knowing nothing of what had passed, spent the evening as usual, living in the hope of the next meeting with her lover, which generally took place very early in the morning. Before the household was astir.

She never could feel certain that Mr. Vansittart might not be up till two in the morning; and she believed the masked staircase leading straight down into his library, so that she never could feel safe during the evening hours. But in the gray dark or dusk of the winter's dawn, she felt secure from any danger, and regularly before the light came she rose and dressed, and crept cautiously to the Panelled House, sometimes alone, sometimes Maidie as a companion. The child always came if she awoke in time, but this did not occur every day.

On this cold January morning, Maidie was fast asleep as Corona stole noiselessly from the room. She found her candle in the deep closet, and quietly removed the boards which gave access to the stairs. It has been well said that familiarity breeds contempt, and if Corona had not exactly reached the point of despising the danger she ran, habit had yet given her a courage that enabled her to go on her way calmly and quietly.

The staircase was black as night, as indeed it always was. Corona's candle shed a sickly yellow ray around as she quietly ascended the narrow stairway. The light was in her room, so that she saw nothing unusual as she pursued her way until she reached the top, and paused to put down her candle on one of the stairs.

When she had done this, and raised herself to draw back the bolts that secured the trap, she stood suddenly rigid and petrified—as it turned to stone; upon an angle of the wall sat Mr. Vansittart, his pale face wearing its palest moss unaffected smile, while his eyes fixed her straight into hers with the glare of a hungry tiger.

"My dearest Corona," he said at last, after what seemed to her a perfectly interminable silence, "this is, indeed an unexpected pleasure," then rising and grasping her wrist till she could have cried out with the pain, he added in low measured tones,—"So it is you who have set me at defiance, and have found out my secret. Very good, Corona, but mark my word, unless you are perfectly submissive to my will, you shall find it go hard both with you and with him. I am acting for his good, by saving his life and concealing him from your sake, and yours only, but—" he stopped short, for he saw he was speaking to deaf ears. The girl was looking at him with horror as one was grasping the fact that a new page in the crisis of her fate was opening before her.

"Come, said Mr. Vansittart, taking her arm, and stooping for the candlestick, "you have been very clever, my dear, but we must go down and have a little private conversation together."

He led the way down, down, down. It never occurred to him that Corona had contrived a private door of her own. Corona was not aware that she had discovered the entrance through the panelled wall of the library. It was in that vast dim apartment that Corona was brought at last, with her guardian of the fiery eyes seated opposite to her.

But it was in vain that the angry man talked, explained, threatened, questioned, not a word could he win from Corona. Whether she was dazed or stupefied by the suddenness of the surprise, or overcome with horror at some suspicion of the fate he had tried to force upon her lover, or whether she believed what he said, and saw that it was for Cedric's best interest to remain hidden there, he could not tell. All he knew was that she sat silent and motionless, till he almost doubted whether this discovery of the private staircase was not half this very night. In fact for once in his life he was non-plussed; he only felt certain of one thing—namely, that it was necessary to keep almost as close a watch upon Corona as upon her stubborn lover upstairs. At least there could be no collusion between them; one was evidently safe as long as the other was closely watched. It became evident to Mr. Vansittart that things were getting serious. It might even be necessary to remove his ward from the Panelled House, and see if more could not be done with them when they were once more helpless strangers in a strange land. Here they had made friends, who would be certain to help them could they but be warned of the peril in which they stood. Certainly for the next few days it would be needful to keep an exceedingly sharp look out upon their movements. No leaving the Panelled House on any excuse whatever!

Seeing at last that he could produce no impression upon the girl, nor gain the least information as to the place of her hiding place, Mr. Vansittart rose in visible displeasure. He was not sorry at this moment to be furnished with some legitimate excuse for leaving her. He led the way back to the rooms in a sort of dignified silence.

The suite of rooms which the girls occupied could be shut off from the remainder of the house by means of heavy double doors, which generally stood wide open. When Mr. Vansittart reached these doors to night he deliberately unhooked them from the wall and let them fall together with an ominous clang.

"It grieves me, my dear Corona, to discover that you are not to be trusted—that you play the part of spy in this house in a fashion altogether unworthy of one of your nature and birth, and training, and yet, in addition to this, preserve a sullen and obstinate silence towards one whose position gives him the right to question you. But if you have resolved to go on in this way I have no resource but to take law into my own hands."

"You always do."

His smile was not pleasant to see.

"So I shall be obliged to debar myself of the pleasure of your society at meals, and in the other parts of this house until such time as you think fit to bend your will to mine."

"You will have to wait long for that, Mr. Vansittart."

"We shall see; we shall see. Meantime, I must request you and your sister to confine yourselves to your own private apartments, where my sister will wait upon you." He paused, and looked at her keenly.

"Corona! happiness, freedom, love—all await you when you will but put out your hand to take them. All rests with you."

She trembled strangely.

"I believe it does—some day, perhaps——" and there she stopped short; but there was a great light in her wonderful eyes.

He gazed at her in visible hesitancy, then turned on his heel.

"When you remember me you have but to send. The sooner you make up your mind to obedience the better it will be for all."

The last words were spoken with great deliberation, and as he spoke he banged the heavy doors behind him and drew the massive bolts.

"Prisoners, too!" breathed Corona, whose face looked strangely pale and wan in the first dusky gleams of morning light. "I had never thought of that. Cedric! Cedric! What new hideous plan is this?"

She rushed to the window to see if there was any missive from him. There was! A few lines to say what had happened. The crisis, she felt certain, became at hand; now help from without must be summoned before the thirty-six hours still remaining should expire. If, at the end of that time, Vansittart still found his prisoner intractable there would be no knowing to what means he might not resort. He was getting desperate and would spare neither of his own wickedness; he had gone too far to retrace his steps; extreme measures were the only ones likely to be thought of now; and Cedric told Corona to be prepared for the whole history at all costs. Friend or foe, he was yet a man, and could come to the rescue, and then if afterwards he let the law take its course.

Corona's cheek blanched as she read these words. She knew all risks; Maidie had to be informed, and now she and Maidie were prisoners too!

The girl wrung her hands in distress, looking vainly for some means of escape; but the very windows of their rooms were protected by iron bars. There seemed no way by which they could leave their prison.

Maidie came running in half-dressed to look for Corona, and the sight of her face caused the child to stand still, pale and trembling.

"Oh, Corona! What is it?"

For answer, the elder sister held out Cedric's note, and when that had been read, said in the low even tones of despair:

"And Mr. Vansittart sat watching all night just inside the trap door, and caught me there this morning, and now he has locked us into these rooms, and we cannot get out at all."

Maidie's face was white with horror.

"Corona, we will be starve so, too?"

"I think not; but nobody can tell what a man like that will do."

Maidie's hands were locked tight together.

"Corona, there is bread enough for two or three days up there. I took a big jug of water up myself, as well as the wine, only the other day. It may not be very nice, but it will be better than nothing; and he has wine, and things to eat."

"Yes, for two or three days he will not suffer, but after that——"

"After that help must come—it must come soon—it shall!"

Sudden tears had leapt into the child's eyes. She had not turned over contingencies in her mind for nothing. Her vivid imagination might make her nervous, but it helped them through a crisis too.

She ran away and finished dressing in silence. Miss Vansittart brought in the breakfast and laid it down in silence, only giving a glance of mingled wavering and entreaty to Corona.

Maidie ate resolutely, and with the appearance of appetite, though the elder sister could hardly touch a morsel. Her eyes were bright enough her cheeks were pale, and she only spoke once, to say, almost as if to herself—

"Oh, what a good thing it is we have some tools of our own."

When their grim hostess had removed the breakfast things and departed, Corona sat down to write to Cedric, and Maidie, after cautioning her sister not to make things round too bad, went off into the bedroom and remained there quietly.

The midday meal was again brought by Miss Vansittart—it was plain the deaf mute was not to be allowed access to them, and Corona's heart sank heavily at the lower and again an imploring look was bestowed upon her, although no word was spoken.

Towards dusk Maidie came and called her sister, drawing her into the bedroom and locking the door after them.

"Corona," she whispered, "I've done it! I've done it! Oh, I was so afraid but I was determined I would! See here! I've taken out all the screws, to this middle iron bar. When night comes we will take it out, and then I can see wee through qui e easily."

"But, my child, it is twenty feet from the ground," cried Corona.

"I know it is, but don't you remember the rope we got that day we went shopping alone? We thought it might be useful to Cedric, and now I think it will save him."

"Oh, Maidie, how!"

"See, Corona, we will tie it to this bar, and I will get out between the others and slide down by it; then you will give me foothold as well—and then I can get out by the door on to the sands—I have the key myself, so it can't be locked—and then I can run as hard as I can to Miss Richmond or Lord Mervyn, and tell them everything. When they know, I shall wait for nothing more, but come back, and you will run to me somehow the same way—the ivy is very strong and will help. And oh, Corona, when people outside once know, I shall care for nothing else. They will save us—I know they will."

"If only you can do it, Maidie," said Corona, with trembling lips.

"I will do it," was the child's answer, made with the greatest resolution.

(To be Continued.)

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Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read via the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Buffalo and Niagara Falls to Jersey City in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the excellent service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patronized.

Longevity and Fame.

Great as have been some men who died young, who knows how much greater they would have been had their lives been prolonged! Might not Marlowe have rivaled Shakespeare, and Lord Byron have lived to give us his best, and Shelley and Keats might not have surpassed their early efforts. Had the author of Festus died at twenty-three there would have been lamentation as over Keats, but Mr. Bailey has lived half a century longer without producing a second poem. Tasso, though he lived twenty years after Jerusalem Delivered, never equaled that epic written at thirty-one. Still, there are men whose longevity has certainly stood for genius. Michel Angelo showed astonishing precocity, but he owes to his eighty-nine years his great renown as painter, sculptor, and sonneteer. Voltaire's fame, again, rests on the entirety of his writings, not on any single work, and on the literary dictatorship which age invested him. Cut off twenty years of his life, and his fame would perceptibly shrink. Goethe, Emerson, Carlyle, Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Dumas, all had the advantage of fullness of years, so as to be judged by bulk as well as quality. Humboldt, too, owed to his ninety years a portion of his reputation. The true comparison would obviously be between works produced at the same age, or between men dying at about the same age; but it is much easier to test achievement than capacity. Perhaps the best books in poetry have never been written, and we often feel that the men were greater than their works. Who knows, moreover, what geniuses have died in childhood!—*Atlantic Monthly.*

We have a very fine stock of Opera Glasses, Opera Fans, Curb Chain Bracelets, Curb Chain Rings—just the thing for Xmas presents. Brown's, 110 Yonge street.

Misses E. and H. Johnston are fashioning elegant gowns of novel goods. Dotted net with real encasselloped edges is most effectively draped over lustrous shot silks in the newest color combinations. Copper color and emerald green are mingled with shimmering shot silk, amber and blue gleam and glow before the sight with every motion.

A Mistake in Counting.

A fond father, blessed with eleven children, and a very domestic wife, calls this story. One afternoon, business being very dull, he took the early train back to his happy home, and after a time slipped upstairs to help put the children to bed. Being missed soon, his wife went up to see what was going on. Upon opening the nursery door she exclaimed:

"Why, dear, what in the world are you doing?"

"Why, wifey," said he, "I am putting the children to bed and hearing them say their little prayers."

"Yes," said wifey, "but this is one of our neighbor's children all undressed!"

And he had to re-dress it and send it home.

"Now, Johnny," said papa, "who was Adam?"

"He was the man who discovered the world," said Johnny.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. Montreal. (Limited)

We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of PURE SUGAR SYRUP not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans with resealable top. For Sale by all Grocers.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in Curing

SICK HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.—CONTINUED.

About the first of April, Wallace took his wife to Clermont, where they had no difficulty in securing the property that had been left to her, and where she also spent a few delightful days with Nellie Bailey.

On her return Violet tried to find Mrs. Mencke, but she had disappeared from the rooms she had occupied when she had stumbled upon her so strangely, and no one could tell her where she had gone.

Wilhelm Mencke was tried for the crime of abduction, found guilty, and sentenced to six years of hard labor at Sing Sing.

Meantime Violet had not forgotten Sarah.

As soon as she became able to drive, she and Wallace paid her a visit, and found her earning a scant living by making overalls. Her husband had died in a drunken fit, only a few days after Violet's release, so life was not quite so hard for her, since there were only two of them now to be supported. The little cripple "Johnnie's boy," as she always spoke of him, was a delicate, pretty child, very bright and intelligent, and Violet at once became deeply interested in him. She provided amply for their needs for the present, and promised upon her return from Europe to make some permanent provision for her.

We may as well say here, that three months later Sarah was the proprietor of a modest fancy goods store, and from that time on made a respectable living for herself and child, while she always regarded Violet as her patron saint.

A visit was paid to the good-natured Irish girl, who had mailed Violet's letter to Mr. Lawrence, and she received a fifty-dollar note, as a testimonial of Violet's gratitude for the efficient service.

The hardest hunt of all was for the dumb plumber; but he was at last found, through Sarah's efforts, and amply rewarded for the loss of his money.

The wedding of Lord Cameron and Miss Agnes Humphrey was a brilliant affair.

The marriage ceremony was performed in the church where Miss Humphrey had so long delighted people with her entrancing voice, and it was most artistically decorated for the occasion by her numerous friends.

The bride was beautiful in ivory satin and point lace, with a chaplet and bouquet of exquisite white orchids, the flowers being gift-tied and worn at the request of the other members of the quartette with whom she had been accustomed to sing.

The reception afterward was delightful, and conspicuous among the friends of Lord Cameron were Violet and her noble husband. Violet was also in bridal attire, and looked like the sweet white blossoms for which she was named.

The next day the distinguished party sailed for England, where Wallace and his wife were the guests of Lord and Lady Cameron for two delightful weeks, and during which the fine home for orphans and aged people was dedicated, as Lord Cameron had planned, when public mention was made of the "gifted young architect who had designed the elegant and conscious buildings."

Violet was charmed with the grand old home of the Earls of Sutherland, but not one regretful or envious thought at having missed sharing in the magnificence surrounding her, or the title of countess, intruded itself upon her.

She thoroughly enjoyed everything about her, and grew to love her friends more and more, while, when the time came that they must separate, it seemed almost like parting from her own mother, and sister, and brother.

Upon their return to New York, Wallace and Violet found Mr. Lawrence much improved, and just beginning to get about upon crutches. He was in excellent spirits, and of course very happy to have them at home once more.

During their absence he has caused his mansion to be refurnished for their reception, while he had also arranged an elegant suite of rooms in the second storey for Wallace and Violet's exclusive use, and life certainly had a very flattering outlook for the young couple.

A few months later Violet was visiting the city hospital with a friend, when, as she was passing through one of the wards, a slight, quickly repressed exclamation attracted her attention.

She turned toward the cot from which it had seemed to proceed, and found fixed upon her a pair of eyes, in which there was something strangely familiar.

"Bella!" she cried, gliding swiftly to her side, a profound pity shining through her face.

The woman covered her face with the sheet, and began to sob.

Violet sought the nurse, and questioned her regarding the patient, and learned that Mrs. Moore, as Mrs. Mencke had called herself, had been brought up there while very ill with typhoid fever. She had barely lived through it, but was doing well now, and would be able to leave the hospital in a few weeks.

Violet saw that she was weak, and overcome by the sight of her, so she did not say much to her then; but she went often to see her after that, and though Belle seemed sullen at first, Violet's sweetness and unvarying kindness finally conquered, in a measure, her unfriendly spirit.

When Belle was able to be moved Violet took her to a quiet and pleasant portion of the city, where she had furnished some rooms with every comfort, and many of the elegancies of life, told her that it was to be her home, if she would accept it, and then supplemented this act of generosity by settling upon her an ample annuity.

She went to see her occasionally after this; but though Mrs. Mencke accepted all the benefits which she showered upon her, she never expressed any gratitude or seemed glad to see her—she could not wholly forgive her for being prosperous and happy, while she was dependent for her daily bread.

This, however, made no difference with Violet—she was always the same sweet, kind, sympathetic little woman under all circumstances, and hoped to conquer even this perverse spirit in time.

Six years passed and the most perfect harmony prevailed in Mr. Lawrence's stately mansion on Fifth avenue. Mrs. Davis still retained her position of housekeeper, and thus relieved Violet, who was a most devoted mother to the three little ones who came to claim her care and love.

Lawrence, the eldest, was the especial pride and joy of the genial man for whom he was named.

Agnes Bertha was a fairy-like little girl, with blue eyes and golden hair, but the baby Beatrice was a remarkable blending of father and mother, while Vane, the baby—a sturdy little fellow—bade fair to be a second Wallace.

It was an ideal home, a happy charming family, and Wallace and his young wife strove from the first to rear their God-given treasures to honor, truth, goodness, and nobility of purpose above everything else in the world, and to regard wealth and position as of secondary importance in the great aim of life.

One day Wallace came home from his office, a cloud upon his usually genial face.

"What is it dear?" asked Violet, who was quick to notice every change upon that loved countenance.

"I met Wilhelm Mencke upon the street today," he answered, gravely.

"Ah! then he is out of——" and Violet shivered slightly as she abruptly paused.

"Yes, he left Sing Sing about a month ago. I did not mention it dear, because I did not like to revive unpleasant memories. I commissioned a friend to find him some light employment, but the man would not work," Wallace returned.

"I wonder if Belle knows anything about him!" Violet said, musingly.

"I think not; I have known where he lived, and—in fact I did not like to have the man suffer, and so kept track of him," Wallace replied, flushing slightly, for he did not often mention his charities even to his wife.

"What a good man my husband is," said Violet, bending to touch his brow with tremulous lips, "but there is something more to tell me, is there not?" she asked, for her loving eye saw that the cloud did not lift from his face.

"Yes, Violet, the man is dead!"

"I thought so," she said, quietly, but her voice trembled a little over the words. "Now tell me how?"

"He waylaid me this morning as I was going to the office—he was very much under the influence of liquor, and demanded money from me. I would not give it to him, but told him to come with me and I would give him a good breakfast. He immediately flew into a towering rage, fell in a fit upon the sidewalk, and in ten minutes expired."

It was even so. Wilhelm Mencke had served his time in prison, then returned immediately to his old habits. He would not work, but lived upon Wallace's bounty, though he spent nearly everything upon drink, without experiencing the slightest feeling of shame at being thus dependent.

Wallace had determined, previous to meeting him upon this morning, not to give him any more money but had planned for a comfortable and permanent home for him, so that he would not suffer for the necessaries of life.

This benevolent scheme was frustrated by his sudden death.

He immediately assumed the responsibility of caring for his remains, gave orders that every outward show of respect be accorded them, and then personally notified Mrs. Mencke of what had occurred.

Violet went to her immediately and showed her every kindness which her tender heart could suggest, and, with her husband, accompanied her as she followed her husband's body to its last resting-place, which had also been provided at Wallace's expense.

These last acts of Christian charity completely broke the woman's proud spirit; she confessed her wrong-doing, begged their forgiveness, and was from that hour the grateful friend and a changed woman.

Every alternate year Wallace and Violet made a trip to England for a short holiday, and these visits were returned by the Cameron, who were entertained sometimes at Wallace's elegant residence on the Hudson, at others in his villa at Long Island, and every year the friendship between the two families became more sacred and enduring.

Nellie Bailey, who became Mrs. Ralph Henderson shortly after the reunion of Violet and Wallace, also exchanges visits with her old-time friend, and Mrs. Alexander Hartley Hawley never neglects an opportunity, when Violet is in Cincinnati, to give her a brilliant reception.

Once Wallace and his wife visited Mentone, where they sought until they found the home of Lisette Vermilet. The step-father was dead, but the mother, who still sorrowed for her lost child, carried on the small farm with the aid of her two sons. Violet tenderly told her the story of her meeting with Lisette, and all that befell the unfortunate girl after the parting. Then, together they all visited that grave beneath the mammoth beech tree where Wallace afterward caused to be erected a pretty marble tablet, bearing the name and age of the girl.

The firm of Hawley & Richardson is as prosperous as ever, and Wallace who is now the acknowledged heir of the wealthy banker is already beginning to be looked upon as one of New York's richest men.

In Wallace Richardson's library there hangs a picture which he often shows and explains to his children.

It represents an angel, of great beauty, holding a pair of balances in her hands. Upon one of the disks there is an immense lump of gold upon which is emblazoned an imposing coat of arms. Upon the other there is a carpenter's plane and saw, and thrown carelessly over them is a scroll, upon the spotless surface of which are written the words "Honor, Truth, Virtue." The scales tip decidedly toward the scroll.

"Truths on which depend our main concern,
Shine by the side of every path we trend,
With such a luster, he that runs may read."

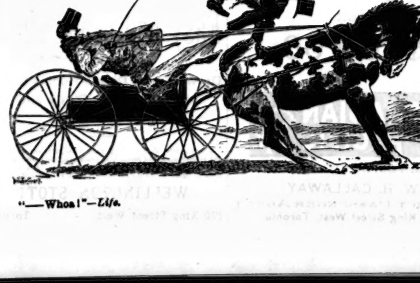
THE END.

Supply and Demand.

Publisher—Good morning, Mrs. De Writer! Glad to see you looking so well. Your husband is busy as usual, I presume!

Author's Wife—Yes, he is writing another work, but I do not know the title. He says it is a collection of hints to help fools endure each other.

Publisher—Ah! When it is done I should much like the privilege of examining it. There is a great demand just now for society books.



"He's not only speedy, Uncle Nate, but I've got him trained so that he obeys the least word. Watch him now"

"—Whoa!"—*Life.*

Books and Magazines.

Capt. W. D. Andrews has just had published another edition of his little book, The Lifeboat and other Poems, which has now reached the hundredth thousand. Capt. Andrews, who, as is well known, lost his slight through exposure and injuries received in the life saving service, is deserving of all his success.

Our Society is the title of a new paper published in Halifax, N. S. As its name tell it is chiefly devoted to social topics. It is a neat looking sheet and appears to be cleverly conducted.

Some of the best things in *Lippincott's Magazine* for February are: A complete story, The Wave of Life by Clyde Fitch, the author of that clever play, Beau Brummell, an article on Thomas Buchanan Reid by Richard H. Stoddard, The Mountain Mirage by Joaquin Miller, "Has Been" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Men's Women by Julian Gordon, which is published in this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.

Scribner's for February keeps its readers interested in Africa by a splendid article on African Exploration by J. Scott Keltie, illustrated by portraits of all the eminent travelers in that country. Mount Washington in Winter is an interesting article with splendid illustrations. Frank R. Stockton's clever tale, The Water Devil, is concluded. Japonica, by Sir Edwin Arnold, is continued. One of the most attractive papers in the number to many will be one by Richard Henry Stoddard on A Box of Autographs, giving *fac-similes* of the writing of many celebrated literary men.

The features of the *Atlantic* for February are a paper containing some curious and hitherto unpublished letters of Charles and Mary Lamb, which have been edited by William Carew Hazlitt; Schopenhauer is treated of by Joseph Royce in Two Philosophers of the Paradoxical; The New England Meeting House is a bright paper by Alice Morse Earl; Percival Lowell continues his explorations in Japan; and a very interesting review of Sir Walter Scott's Letters and other works.

Belford's Magazine for February presents a varied and interesting bill of fare to its readers. In stories there are Roadnight, by Julian Hawthorne; The Story of a Garter, by H. E. Armstrong; and Jalia, the Romance of an Acrobat, by William H. Hudson. Housekeeping in Havana is explained by Adam Badeau. Is There a Polar Sea? is an ingenious article by Herbert L. Aldrich. Canadian writers are represented by the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT in a paper on The McKinley Bill and Imperial Federation, and Mrs. S. Francis Harrison in a poem, In Northern Skies.

The first original article by Count Tolstoi, that has been published in an American magazine, appears in the February issue of the *Cosmopolitan*, with a number of interesting photographic reproductions, one of them being a picture of Tolstoi guiding a plow in his Russian fields. Brander Matthews appears with his first article upon Sunday Amusements. Mr. Matthew's contributions constitute one of the most interesting features of the magazine. The third in the series of colored frontispieces is a delightful sketch by McVickar, illustrating a character in Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger's new story, Mademoiselle Reseda. Ex-Postmaster General James presents an article upon the Welsh in the United States, liberally illustrated by portraits of prominent men who are of Welsh extraction. Women Clerks in New York, by the Marquise Clara Lanza. A charming article on the old Chateaux in Touraine by Miss Blair De Wolfe; Prince Talleyrand and his Memoirs by H. de Bury. Amateur Portraiture in Photography, and A Remarkable Musical History by William Pole, F.R.S., are both well known Englishman, are other prominent features of the February issue.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

GUIVA.—See A. M. Y.

ANTHEAM.—See answer to Bain.

JULE.—Merry, sensitive and unassuming.

AUDRY.—Vivacious, self-willed and thoughtless.

POPLAR B.—You are unostentatious, self-esteeming, energetic, decisive and sincere.

PANSY.—You are energetic, self-esteeming, candid, just self-willed and unostentatious.

ROSE-BUD.—You are practical, energetic, persevering, methodical, ingenious and sincere.

A. M. Y.—You are indecisive, rather melancholy, a little too careless, honest and affectionate.

RAY L.—This writing signifies order, justice, candor, strong self-reliance, joviality and tenderness.

VIOLET VIVIAN.—This writing indicates order, some flippancy, intuitive perception and sensitiveness.

ROSANNA.—This shows generosity, vanity, impulse, vivacity and perseverance. An sending the copy.

KATHLEEN.—You are reserved, a little haughty, sensitive, steadily persevering and faithful in your friendships.

GERALD.—You are probably candid, somewhat fastidious, resolute, persevering, affectionate and impulsive.

CHIONA.—You are orderly, very sensitive, somewhat impulsive, of good intuition and rather self-willed and indecisive.

SKIPPER.—This writing indicates sensitiveness, alertness of intellect, some vanity, considerable mirth, candor and firmness.

JOHN.—This writing exhibits method, some tenderness, strength of purpose, cordiality and an attractive generosity of mind.

SEEKER.—You are reserved, practical, unostentatious, energetic, of good executive ability and rather original in your methods.

NAN.—This shows fine sense of honor, thoroughly impulsive nature, good powers of endurance and excellent intuitive perception.

BAIA.—Reserve, some obstinacy, self-control and generosity are shown here. I will endeavor to find the author and let you know soon.

VERNON.—Good executive ability, energy, quickness in arriving at decisions, fondness of flattery and tenderness are shown in this writing.

CUCKOO.—You are orderly, rather cold and a little unsympathetic. Ambition, self-reliance and vanity are also shown. 2 Not more than ten years.

CALIFORNIA.—You are methodical, sympathetic, self reliant, fond of approbation, ambitious and of good executive. 2 I would be afraid to say positively.

HECLA.—Your first question should be referred to the editor. Your writing shows delicacy of thought, energy and ambition, and a great deal of self-reliance.

QUILL-DRIVER.—How nice of you to say such kind words. Thank you! Your writing indicates candor, a good deal of self-reliance, a decided love of mirth, but a surplus of vanity.

ALAN R.—No, I cannot tell your age. If I could I should not be able to "graphologize" for want of time. Your writing points to industry, vanity, good powers of endurance and a tendency to exaggerate.

NELL.—Thank you for your kind words. May I? If you wish for a pen pal, you can, though it is a month since You are generous, very systematic, unostentatious, ambitious, self-assuming and courageous.

DAISY HOMEFLOWER.—It would be correct, as far as Dame Grundy is concerned, but it seems a little unkind to the young lady. Your writing exhibits generosity, vanity, originality, impulse and lack of decision and self-control.

MARGO S.—I am so sorry that I did not come upon your letter sooner. It was just now opened. Yes, I am afraid answers will be too late now. Your writing shows you to be energetic, capable of long-continued effort, candid but not very amiable.

LOVE-LORN LASS.—Indeed a girl should respect a man before loving him. You cannot give your great love where you do not know thoroughly respect. Your writing indicates tenderness, self-reliance, a tendency towards exaggeration and some lack of charity.

MAY.—Your writing exhibits candor, much strength of purpose, some self-esteem, ambition, mirth and unselfishness. Your handwriting is a most generous, kind-hearted man. It shows also perseverance, self-reliance, a capacity for endurance and good reasoning powers.

TALLAHASSEE.—I gave your kind note, to a quotation of prose or verse. It is more apt to be unstudied, and hence more obligine as to revealing character. You are gay, unselfish, cordial, a little rash and not practical enough. No it is not very hard, and I will excuse all the mistakes you can possibly make in addressing me.

RICK.—Impulse, gaiety of spirits, vivacity, indecision and extreme sensitiveness are shown in this writing. In the sunbeam, number two is much the better looking. Her face shows carelessness, a little petulance, vivacity, selfwill and courage. The other is very weak in the chin and it shows indecision, jealousy, discontent and peevishness. Have destroyed the photo as you requested.

PEGGIE.—I am indeed glad to welcome you to the list of my correspondents. Your writing shows an easy-going nature. I would think you were fond of pleasure, admiration and luxury, somewhat vivacious, and very open occasion. For whitening the face, I have a great deal of faith in almond oil and rose water. Use the meal flour of soap, and dabble rose water over the face after washing.

SIBERIA.—No, Rhea is not married. 2. There is no one thing which will make your hair grow. The only duty that devolves upon you is to keep the scalp healthy by the nicest care, and the hair silky and glossy by frequent brushing. You may give it a tonic if desired, if you will, I can recommend a lotion of bay rum and rain-water in equal parts. This is a stimulant, and excites the little glands to do their best. Your writing shows carelessness, a fair measure of content, wilfulness, spasmodic ambition, and simplicity of tastes.

NOBODY'S DARLING.—Electricity will permanently remove superfluous hair, but it is only fair to say that electricity also leaves a small scar. If the hair is not too abundant, leave it alone. A scanset lip has too plainly the appearance of having been compressed. 2 You are ambitious, somewhat abrupt in manner, self-reliant and determined. 3. Frequent bathing in hot water will reduce flesh, but is is also exercating. Exercising on horses the system of those who can stand it, as a cold sponge bath, followed by brisk and prolonged rubbing.

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.—You kind-hearted little mortal! Indeed I think you will be some one's queen, some day. Dark blue and brown will be becoming to you, and you will probably wear faint, dull pink well. Do not try to cure your freckles. Keep your skin soft and clear, by good food, plenty of exercise and a daily bath in cold water. Look at the freckles and be thankful that they are not pimples. Make your shopping bag of heavy black silk or cous feather, and have it perfectly plain. Do not work a monogram or embroider a spray on it, but put the money into the material. Your writing explains to me that you are happy-hearted, genial and fond of social life, generous, candid but not very self-reliant or enduring. Yes, you may write whenever you wish.

FIREFLY.—Your writing indicates sensitiveness, good humor, a desire to attract those about you, some self-esteem, a somewhat calculating disposition and candor. 2 Cleanse your face thoroughly with soap and hot water. Press out the acne with a watch key and then rub some olive oil into the pores. Do this at night, and the slight redness and soreness will have disappeared by morning. 3. You may cut the ends of your eyelashes—just a trifle. This will make them grow long. They are a great help when they are very long for the ends come through the mesh a of your veils and interfere with the action of your veil. See answer to Rick. Yes, I think you may safely ask him to excuse you. Many thanks for your kindly expressed wishes. Will you write again sometimes?

The Crown Perfumery Co's NEW PERFUME
CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS
EXTRA CONCENTRATED
A delicate perfume of the highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced.—Court Journal
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We have on hand and fully matured a large supply of LABATT'S EXTRA STOCK ALE in pints and quarts, which we offer to the public and the trade at very close prices.
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Can be obtained from all Wine Merchants and at first-class hotels generally.
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IT HAS NO EQUAL.
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YOU PAY NOTHING IT'S FREE
To examine. Cut this ad out and send to us and we will send the Watch to you by express, C. O. D. (all charges prepaid), with the privilege to you to open and examine the watch at the express office and if you do not find it all and even more than we claim for it, leave it, and you are only out your time in talking to us. If perfectly satisfactory, pay the express agent our special Cut Price, $3.75 and take the watch. We watch like this ever sold for $5.00. You are paying twice before. We such Bargain ever offered. This is the famous SOLID GOLD PLATED WATCH, made of two strong plates of 18 karat solid gold over composition metal, and guaranteed to wear 20 years. It looks solid now, cost, cost $5.00 and will wear 20 years. Beware of imitations. The movement is the best Jewelled Lever, fully jewelled, quick train (18,000 beats per hour), accurate balance, patent pinion, patent escapement, Lever Set, Hunting Style, accurately regulated and thoroughly warranted in every time-keeper. A guarantee is sent with each Watch. We have sold over 100,000 and not one single watch has been returned for repairs. Cut this out and send to us and we will send the Watch to you by express, C. O. D. (all charges prepaid), with the privilege to you to open and examine the watch at the express office and if you do not find it all and even more than we claim for it, leave it, and you are only out your time in talking to us. If perfectly satisfactory, pay the express agent our special Cut Price, $3.75 and take the watch. We watch like this ever sold for $5.00. You are paying twice before. We such Bargain ever offered. This is the famous SOLID GOLD PLATED WATCH, made of two strong plates of 18 karat solid gold over composition metal, and guaranteed to wear 20 years. It looks solid now, cost, cost $5.00 and will wear 20 years. Beware of imitations. The movement is the best Jewelled Lever, fully jewelled, quick train (18,000 beats per hour), accurate balance, patent pinion, patent escapement, Lever Set, Hunting Style, accurately regulated and thoroughly warranted in every time-keeper. A guarantee is sent with each Watch. We have sold over 100,000 and not one single watch has been returned for repairs. Cut this out and send to us and we will send the Watch to you by express, C. O. D. (all charges prepaid), with the privilege to you to open and examine the watch at the express office and if you do not find it all and even more than we claim for it, leave it, and you are only out your time in talking to us. If perfectly satisfactory, pay the express agent our special Cut Price, $3.75 and take the watch. We watch like this ever sold for $5.00. You are paying twice before. We such Bargain ever offered. This is the famous SOLID GOLD PLATED WATCH, made of two strong plates of 18 karat solid gold over composition metal, and guaranteed to wear 20 years. It looks solid now, cost, cost $5.00 and will wear 20 years. Beware of imitations. The movement is the best Jewelled Lever, fully jewelled, quick train (18,000 beats per hour), accurate balance, patent pinion, patent escapement, Lever Set, Hunting Style, accurately regulated and thoroughly warranted in every time-keeper. A guarantee is sent with each Watch. We have sold over 100,000 and not one single watch has been returned for repairs.
As a close sample that this is the greatest bargain ever offered, that the watch is worth FAR more than the price asked, that nothing like this was ever offered before. We offer you to our FOUR GREAT OFFER, address, BEARS & CO., 112 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

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NASAL BALM
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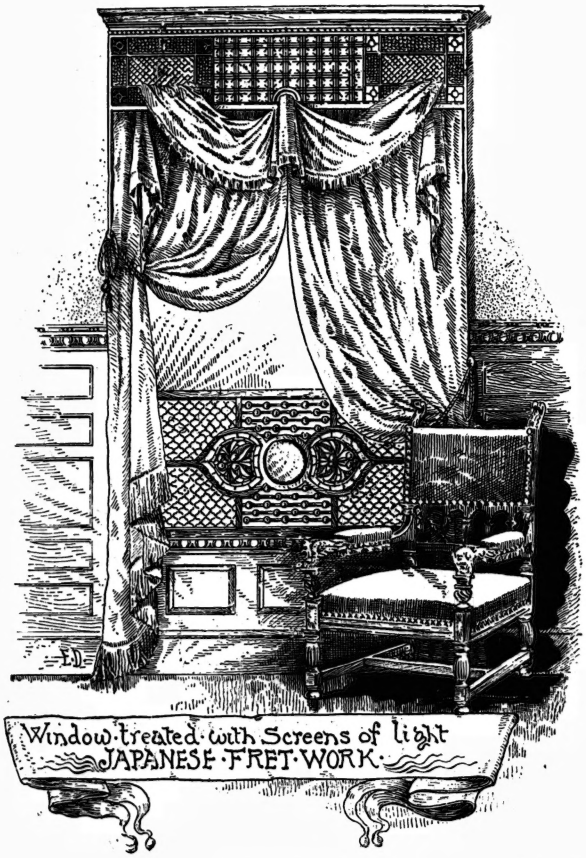

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Bamboozled.
The Rev. Mr. Henson, of this city (writes Eugene Field in the Chicago *News*), was walking down town one evening. From his saintly contemplation his thoughts were distracted by a small boy—a very small boy—who, standing upon tiptoes, vainly sought to reach the knob of a door-bell hard by. "Aha, my little man," cried the benignant shepherd, cheerily; "it's too high for you, isn't it? Yes—yes—too high for you. Well, never mind, my lad, you'll find that that's the case all through life—we are all hopefully but vainly reaching up for things too high for us. It is the sad yet common experience of all mankind. But I'll help you, my little man—yes, I'll help you!" With this, the Rev. Mr. Henson mounted the steps and gave the bell-knob a terrific pull. No sooner, however, had the kind pastor performed this friendly office than the small boy turned, and, seizing the Rev. Mr. Henson by the coat-tails, said, in a voice that nearly congealed the soul of the eminent divine within him: "Come on, now, let's run like thunder!"

Duck a la Toronto.
"I say, waiter, are you positive that this is wild duck I am eating?" "Oh, yes, sir; so wild, in fact, we had to chase it a good quarter of an hour around the back yard before we could catch it."

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Mrs. A. M. Cosby gave a luncheon in honor of Lady Stanley on Wednesday. The handsome residence on St. George and College streets, with its splendid appointments, was more beautiful than ever with the profusion of flowers and dainty details which graced this luncheon party. The guests were: The Governor General and Lady Stanley, Major and Mrs. Colville, Miss Clifton, Hon. W. Walsh, Mr. D. A. Macpherson of Calgary, General Herbert, Capt. Streatfeild, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Sir Francis Johnson of Montreal, Hon. O. and Mrs. Mowat, Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Col. Dawson, Hon. George and Mrs. Allan, Sir Daniel and Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Miss Stuart of Port Hope and Miss Hodgins.

•

Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street entertained friends at dinner on Wednesday evening. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Heinsman, Miss Langmuir, Miss Macdonald, Mr. Amory of Boston, Mr. Harry Ward, M.P., of Port Hope, and Mr. Leonard McMurray.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith entertained guests at dinner last night.

•

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer welcomed friends at dinner on Thursday evening.

•

On Monday night Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon entertained their friends at a splendid ball, given in the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists. The handsome rooms were made homelike with the elegant appointments of a drawing-room. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon received their guests at the head of the staircase, and from there they passed along the spacious hall and entered with zest into the well selected dances on the programme. The number present was not sufficient to crowd the rooms, and many have spoken to me of the truly delightful freedom from the crush which has characterized so many of the larger balls.

•

Mrs. McMurrich of St. George street gave a ball last night, of which I shall write more next week.

•

Mrs. Brough of St. George street entertained her friends at a delightful dance on Friday of last week.

•

Mrs. P. S. Thomson and Miss Stainer, daughter of Sir John Stainer of Oxford, are staying with Mrs. Hoskins, 49 Murray street.

•

Mr. Harold Jarvis is announced to sing at the Church of the Redeemer at to-morrow morning's service.

•

Mrs. Drayton of Bloor street welcomed friends to afternoon tea on Monday.

•

Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet gave afternoon tea to friends on Monday.

•

The musical recital in the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists next Friday night promises to be a brilliant success. It is under distinguished patronage, and among those whose names will grace the occasion are Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Robertson, and Mrs. Irving Cameron.

•

Mrs. Beaumont, who has been the guest of the Misses Beatty in Queen's Park, has gone to Ottawa to pay a visit to Mrs. Courtenay.

•

Mrs. R. Myles of Queen's Park gave a pleasantly arranged tea on Tuesday of last week.

•

Mrs. Rutherford of Jarvis street gave a small tea on Tuesday last. Among those present were: Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. Law, Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Mrs. Gus Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, the Misses Huzel, Miss Bickford, Miss Hoskins, Mr. A. Hoskins, Mrs. Greene, Miss Maud Beatty, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Smith, Mrs. John Foy, Miss Spratt, Mr. Stinson, Mr. Griffin, Mr. Boulte, Major Harrison, Mr. Hay and Mr. Beverley Robinson.

•

Mrs. Holland of St. George street gave a most pleasureable dance to about seventy-five guests on Wednesday of last week.

•

Miss Annie Longstaff, for the past three years leading soprano of the choir of the church of the Redeemer, was married at that church on Tuesday last to Mr. John Donaghy of St. Johns, Que. The service was choral. Among the presents were a seal leather traveling bag from the congregation of the church and a handsome silver service from the choir.

•

The Pavilion was transformed into an elegant dancing hall on Friday night of last week, when the Wanderers' Snowshoe Club entertained their friends at a splendidly arranged At Home. The decorations were appropriate, for skates, snowshoes and moccasins were effectively arranged about the walls, relieving by their tangibility the airy fantastic effect of yards of bunting, many flags and well arranged light. The distracted partner looking for the invisible maiden was not seen at this ball, for the pillars bore the names of the different clubs, and were thus most convenient rendezvous. Decorated and furnished, the stage resembled an attractive drawing-room, while supper was served under the north gallery, and the conservatory was utilized as a sitting-out room. Number ten on the programme was the Jersey by Mr. R. S. Peniston. Dancing was entered into with much enthusiasm and extended without intermission through the evening and night and well into the morning. The stewards were Messrs. E. Havelock Walsh, F. J. Morphy, J. Norman Smith, W. A. Hunter, Victor Lee, G. M. Wells, W. J. Darby, H. O'Hara, H. T. Wilson and A. P. Taylor, while Mrs. A. B. Lee, jr., Mrs. William Britton, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. A. E. Trow, Mrs. C. H. Nelson and Mrs. T. W. Dyas were patronesses. On account of the pressure on space, caused by the immense activity of society this week, I am compelled to omit the list of those present.

•

Mrs. Nairn of Jarvis street welcomed friends to afternoon tea on Tuesday.

Mrs. Pearson of Sherbourne street gave afternoon tea to a company of friends on Friday of last week.

•

Mr. Arthur Allan and Mr. Faber of London, England, are visiting Toronto. Mr. Allan, whose early home was in this city, is renewing old friendships during his stay with his parents.

•

Mr. H. H. Dawart was married at the village of Sparta, near St. Thomas, on Thursday afternoon to Miss Emma Smith, daughter of the late H. B. Smith Esq. Rev. Dr. Dawart performed the ceremony. The wedding was a very quiet one and after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Dewart left for New York. On their return after March 1, Mrs. Dewart will be "at home" at 630 Church street on Fridays.

•

The Montreal papers speak of a splendid *bal poudre* given at the Russell House in that city by Mrs. Machray. The hostess will be congratulated by her many friends in Toronto upon the success of so original an enterprise.

•

Miss Sheaff of Wellington place left Toronto on Wednesday for a voyage across the Atlantic. Miss Sheaff will spend the winter in the south of France.

•

The fifth At Home of the Stevenson Lodge was held in Webb's parlors on Friday, January 23. The rooms were well decorated and brilliantly lighted, refreshments being served during the evening, and supper from twelve till two thirty. The guests danced merrily, and yet were a most sociable company, for there was no excess of formality but thorough good feeling and unadulterated pleasure.

•

Upper Canada College At Home was held last night, too late for full particulars to be given. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Boultbee, Mr. G. McMurrich, Mrs. Cosby, and Mrs. Primrose.

•

Court Brock of the I. O. F. gave a most delightful At Home on Thursday evening in Webb's parlors.

•

The officers and members of the Alert Club welcomed a large number of friends to their second annual At Home on Thursday evening.

•

The Oriole Social Club's members were At Home to their friends in Webb's parlors last night.

•

The Harmony Club has been reorganized, with the following executive: President, Mr. Albert Nordheimer; vice-president, Mr. E. H. Duggan; secretary, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson; treasurer, Mr. George Dunstan; committee, Messrs. T. Boardmore, W. H. Brouse, R. I. Cowan, A. Foy, J. Percy Hodgins, J. A. Macdonald, George S. Michie and E. C. Rutherford; conductor, Mr. E. W. Schuch. On Friday afternoon of last week the president entertained the members of the club at afternoon tea at McConkey's and laid the prospects and intentions of the club before them. Among those present were the following: Mrs. Skae, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Miss Skae, Miss Walker, Miss Muntz, Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson, Miss E. Dickson, Miss Seymour, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. A. H. Vankoughnet, Miss Frances A. Smith, Miss Violet Burns, Miss Adelaide Wadsworth, Miss Michie, Miss Harper, Miss Magdalen Meredith, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. A. Foy, Miss Parsons, Miss Spratt, Mrs. D. Armour, and Messrs. C. J. Boyd, W. H. Featherstone, E. Andrews, L. G. Pemberton, A. S. Thompson, Dr. Frank Cowan, P. E. Ritchie, J. M. Saunders, L. L. McMurray, J. McGregor Young, Stuart Morrison, H. R. O'Reilly, Sidney Small, J. Sweeney and the officers of the club. The gathering was most enthusiastic in feeling, and a very effective season is assured for the club's work. The first rehearsal will take place at 8.15 on Saturday evening, February 14, at the lodge room in the Young street Arcade.

•

Miss Flora Hooper of Napanee is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. McClive Wilson of St. Jame's avenue.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Miss Streatfeild of Simcoe is the guest of Mrs. Robert Thomson of James street.

Miss Kate Totten of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. George Martin, Queen street.

Mrs. N. A. Robinson's At Home on Friday afternoon was delightful. The spacious rooms were most artistically arranged with flowers. Among the many ladies I noticed Mrs Gartshore, Mrs. Hobson, Mrs. Glassco, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop, Miss Watson, Miss Lottridge, Mrs. Husband, Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Somerville, Mrs. Gillard, Miss Case, Miss Grant, Miss Walker, Miss Briggs, Miss Livingstone, Mrs. and the Misses Roach, Miss Barker, the Misses Martin and many others.

Mr. John and Miss Billings left last week for Bermuda, and will be absent until the spring.

The Masonic ball on Friday evening was, as everyone had anticipated, a great success, and was one of the finest balls ever given in Hamilton. The decoration of the Armory on this occasion is almost beyond description, every part of the ceiling being hung with long streamers, and on these inscriptions suitable to this fraternity. The walls were covered with bunting. The dancing floor was surrounded by arches of evergreens and flags. These beautiful decorations were designed by Mr. N. G. Townsend and Mr. P. D. Carse, who deserve the greatest possible credit for the manner in which they were carried out. The music was furnished by the Thirteenth Battalion Band under the leadership of Band Master Robinson, and was all that could be desired. There were twenty-four dances on the programme, and many wished for more.

The opening set of lancers was danced by Mr. J. Ross Robertson of Toronto and Mrs. Charlton, Hon. J. M. Gibson and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. Hugh Murray and Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. J. J. Mason and Mrs. Hendrie.

The gowns worn were very beautiful. Among the many I noticed Mrs. Hendrie, green satin brocade with black ostrich tips in hair; Mrs. Mackelcan, yellow silk with spangled grey tulle, bouquet of daffodils and hyacinths; Mrs. Charlton, black silk velvet and lace with bouquet of yellow roses; Mrs. Ross Robertson of Toronto, white a beautiful gown of white brocade with feather trimming; Mrs. George Thomson, white brocade *en traine*; Miss Hobson, green satin with bouquet of roses; Miss A. Hobson, yellow satin; Mrs. Pirie of Dundas, pink satin, with green and pink brocade; Mrs. Knowles of Dundas, black satin and lace; Miss A. Hendrie, lettuce green satin spangled with silver; Miss Totten of Woodstock, yellow crape and daffodils; Mrs. George Martin, white china

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

Big Sale of Black Satins

Big Sale of Black Silks

Big Sale of Ev'ng Silks

Big Sale of Col'd Silks

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ASSISTED BY

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Mr. REIMER, Tenor.

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First Tramp—Say, Bill; wot's the matter? Why don't yer go to sleep?

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First Tramp—What piece er mince-pie?

Second Tramp—Oh, der piece I didn't get.

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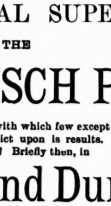

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No Cause For Complaint

Policeman—What's the row here?

Citizen.—Me watch is gone.

Policeman—Well, watches are made to go.—*Buffalo Express.*

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Office and Recitation Room in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 5 o'clock, Prof. George Coutellier will talk about: Le Cid de Corneille.

Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.

Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

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Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

silk; Miss A. Bain, yellow satin de Lyon; Miss Walker, buttercup silk with buttercups; Miss Carpenter, mauve crepe; Mrs. John S. Hendrie, pale pink satin and tulle, with trimmings of lilacs; Miss Dunlop, white satin; Miss Turner, yellow silk and black jet; Mrs. H. Lawry, black lace; Miss Rogers, white tulle with red silk; Mrs. Skinner, black lace with blue ribbons and bouquet of carnations; Mrs. Macpherson, pale green, with black tulle overdress; Mrs. Leggat, black lace and gold trimmings; Miss Ricketts, pale blue silk; Miss Hood, white satin and tulle; Miss Sinclair, pale green crepe; Miss Coldham of Toledo, white *mousseline de soie*; Miss Champ, black lace; Miss Turling, white silk; Mrs. J. F. Egan, cream cashmere and gold; Mrs. John Hood, black silk and trimmings.

Mr. Charles Jones of Boston is the guest of Mr. Roach, Barton street.

Mrs. Thomas Hood has returned from Montreal, where she has been visiting the last three weeks.

There promises to be a great treat afforded on Monday next, when Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Alexander, and Mr. George Fox will give a concert in Association Hall. SYLVIA.

The County Fair.

On Monday evening will commence at the Grand Opera House a week's engagement, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees, of the famous comedy, The County Fair, which has had a three years' run in New York. The production here will be accorded the same magnificent scenic and mechanical environment that has characterized its Union Square production. Notwithstanding the great effects in The County Fair, the piece, it is asserted by the management, would be just as attractive and entertaining without them, for it tells a story of country life garnished with the most entertaining incidents of rural America. Among the scenic episodes are a husking-bee and the famous horse race.

Prof. Geo. Coutellier will deliver on Friday next, February 13, in the Y. M. C. A. hall the third lecture of his series. The subject will be, Paris, les Parisiens, les Parisiennes.

New music: Canada (national anthem) by R. P. Joyce; But I Loved Her (comic song) by W. J. Reid; Together (song) by G. W. Bernard; Marguerite by C. A. White; No Life Without Love (waltz) by Prof. Bohner—Whaley, Royce & Co.

Why?

Why is it that the moneyed New York female is so much more vulgar than the corresponding male? asks *Life*. It is not the male, as a rule, who enjoys talking in a loud voice at the opera. It is not the male who suggests a coat-of-arms on his carriage door. Nor is it the male who overdresses and tries to outshine his neighbors. Is the native New York female innately vulgar, after all, or is it only the environment? As you experience her at the Metropolitan Opera, it is mournful to observe that her good breeding is generally in inverse ratio to the brilliancy of her jewels.

The Square piano has four legs, we know—
The Grand, three to its frame—
The Upright has no legs to show;
But it gets there just the same. —*Puck.*

MEDICAL.

DR. SPILSBURY has removed to 210 Huron Street, first door north of College. Specialist—Diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear. Office hours—8 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BUTCHART—At 14 Borden street, Toronto, on January 24, Mrs. R. Butchart—a son.
BOYCE—At Toronto, on January 29, Mrs. George C. Boyce—a son.
HOLLAND—At Whitby, on February 1, Mrs. W. H Holland—a son.
JONES—At Brantford, on February 1, Mrs. Will D. Jones—a daughter.
KEWIN—At Toronto, on January 23, Mrs. Edwin Kewin—a son.
MCKIBBIN—At East Toronto, on January 29, Mrs Dave McKibbin—a son.
GAUTT—At Toronto, Mrs. W. W. Gautt—a daughter.
NEWSOME—At Toronto, on January 21, Mrs. W. H. Newsome—a son.
BOWLBY—At Toronto, on February 1, Mrs. A. B. Bowlby—a son.
BARTOLOMEW—At Detroit, on January 23, Mrs. R. Bartholomew—a daughter.

Marriages.

CRADOCK—BOOTH At Toronto, on January 31, Stephen Cradock to Mary Ellen Booth.
GONNELL—M'LAUGHLIN—At Toronto, on January 29, John Gonnell to Ina V. McLaughlin.
BARRY—HICKEY—At Brockton, on January 26, John Barry to Eliza Anne Hickey.
EWING—LIVINGSTONE—At Toronto, on February 2, A. Melville Ewing, M.D. of Buffalo, N. Y. to Katherine Augusta Livingstone.

Deaths.

ENGLISH—At Los Angeles, Cal., on February 1, Walter Taylour English—aged 30 years.

WALKER'S WINTER SALE

This sale affords every citizen of Toronto and Ontario an opportunity of making every Four Dollars purchase Five Dollars' worth, whether in personal wear, such as Mantles, Ready-Made Dresses, Wrappers, Dress Goods, Silks, Skirts, Clothing, Furs, Underwear, or in Domestic Goods, Bedding or Table Napery.

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LENNON—At Burlington, Ont., on January 26, Mrs. Sarah Lennon—aged 81 years.
MCCOUCK—At Chester Village, on February 2, Bridget Adelia McCouck.
MADILL—At Alliston, on December 30, 1890, Mrs. John Madill, aged 39 years.
MADILL—At Alliston, on February 2, John Madill, M.D., C.M., aged 47 years.
MONTGOMERY—At Victoria, B. C., on January 21, James Montgomery.
MCCORMACK—At Toronto, on February 2, Mrs. Eliza McCormack, aged 54 years.
RUMSEY—At Ingersoll, on February 2, William Ashley Rumsey, aged 65 years.
LOCKHART—At Toronto, on February 2, Gilbert Arthur Lockhart, aged 18 years.
COTTON—At Stratford, on January 22, Mrs. Eleanor Ross Cotton.
BRISCOE—At Toronto, on January 31, William Briscoe, aged 74 years.
WATTS—At Toronto, on January 28, Mrs. Lydia Watts, aged 91 years.
HARRIS—At Toronto, on February 2, Mrs. Elizabeth Harris, aged 62 years.
TAYLOR—At Toronto, youngest daughter of Capt. Jas. Taylor, aged 21 months.
HUNTER—At Toronto, on January 30, Mrs. Mary Jane Hunter.
HEINTZMAN—At West Toronto Junction, on January 30, infant son of C. F. Heintzman, aged 9 months.

DENTISTRY.

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